

# THE LIVING AGE.

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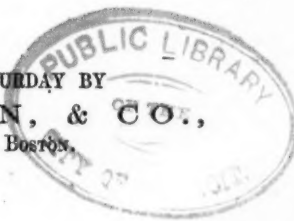
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' GIFTS.—Does a gentleman wish to make a present to a lady which will show his own taste, compliment hers, and be long kept in remembrance by its good effects—let him send six dollars to us, and she will receive *The Living Age* for a year, free of postage.

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## THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

"The day had been one of dense mists and rains, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle was fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard."—*Gen. Meigs to Secretary Stanton, Nov. 26th.*

By the banks of Chattanooga watching with a soldier's heed,  
In the chilly autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed;  
For the foe had climbed above him with the banners of their band,  
And the cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—"Howard, Thomas, to the bridge!  
One brigade aboard the "Dunbar"! Storm the heights of Mission Ridge,  
On the left the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl the rebels down!  
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout and the slopes before the town!"

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors, where they lay,  
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster-day;  
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward its alarms,  
And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands, surely, swiftly swept the lines,  
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,  
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,  
And the star-flag of our country waved in smoke on Orchard Knob.

Day, and night, and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,  
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the Range,  
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled densely mist and rain,  
Till the ascending squadrons vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,  
From the roofs of yonder city anxious eyes the clouds explore;  
But no rift amid the darkness shows them father, brother, sons,  
While they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up!  
Aha, they rush, they rise,  
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-clouded skies,  
And the battle-field is bloody where a dewdrop never falls,  
For a voice of tearless justice to a tearless vengeance calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen  
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.  
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air  
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions! Well their foes might be dismayed,  
Standing in his mountain temple 'gainst the terrors of his aid;  
And the clouds might fitly echo pean loud and parting gun,  
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor-host, undone.

They have conquered! Through the region where our brothers plucked the palm  
Rings the noise in which they won it with the sweetness of a psalm;  
And our wounded, sick, and dying, hear it in their crowded wards,  
Till they know our cause is Heaven's, and our battle is the Lord's.

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells,  
List those guns of cloudland booming glad as freedom's morning-bells,  
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their cheeks against the bars,  
Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

Tories, safe in serpent-treason, startle as those airy cheers  
And that wild, ethereal war-drum fall like doom upon their ears;  
And that rush of cloud-born armies, rolling back the nation's shame,  
Frights them with its sound of judgment, and its flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal hearts despondent grown,  
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown,  
And the patriot-poor shall wonder, in their simple hearts, to know  
In the land above the thunder their embattled champions go.

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

T. B.

## COUSIN PHILLIS

### PART I.

It is a great thing for a lad when he is first turned into the independence of lodgings. I do not think I ever was so satisfied and proud in my life as when, at seventeen, I sat down in a little three-cornered room above a pastry-cook's shop in the county-town of Eltham. My father had left me that afternoon, after delivering himself of a few plain precepts, strongly expressed, for my guidance in the new course of life on which I was entering. I was to be a clerk under the engineer who had undertaken to make the little branch line from Eltham to Hornby. My father had got me this situation, which was in a position rather above his own in life; or perhaps I should say, above the station into which he was born and bred; for he was raising himself every year in men's consideration and respect. He was a mechanic by trade, but he had some inventive genius, and a great deal of perseverance, and had devised several valuable improvements in railway machinery. He did not do this for profit, though, as was reasonable, what came in the natural course of things was acceptable; he worked out his ideas because, as he said, "until he could put them into shape, they plagued him by night and by day." But this is enough about my dear father; it is a good thing for a country where there are many like him. He was a sturdy Independent by descent and conviction; and this it was, I believe, which made him place me in the lodgings at the pastry-cook's. The shop was kept by the two sisters of our minister at home; and this was considered as a sort of safeguard to my morals, when I was turned loose upon the temptations of the county-town, with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

My father had given up two precious days, and put on his Sunday clothes, in order to

bring me to Eltham, and accompany me first to the office, to introduce me to my new master (who was under some obligations to my father for a suggestion), and next to take me to call on the Independent minister of the little congregation at Eltham. And then he left me; and though sorry to part with him, I now began to taste with relish the pleasure of being my own master. I unpacked the hamper that my mother had provided me with, and smelled the pots of preserve with all the delight of a possessor who might break into their contents at any time he pleased. I handled and weighed in my fancy the home-cured ham, which seemed to promise me interminable feasts; and, above all, there was the fine savor of knowing that I might eat of these dainties when I liked, at my sole will, not dependent on the pleasure of any one else, however indulgent. I stowed my eatables away in the little corner cupboard—that room was all corners, and everything was placed in a corner, the fireplace, the window, the cupboard; I myself seemed to be the only thing in the middle, and there was hardly room for me. The table was made of a folding leaf under the window, and the window looked out upon the market-place; so the studies, for the prosecution of which my father had brought himself to pay extra for a sitting-room for me, ran a considerable chance of being diverted from books to men and women. I was to have my meals with the two elderly Miss Dawsons in the little parlor behind the three-cornered shop down-stairs; my breakfasts and dinners at least, for, as my hours in an evening were likely to be uncertain, my tea or supper was to be an independent meal.

Then, after this pride and satisfaction, came a sense of desolation. I had never

been from home before, and I was an only child; and though my father's spoken maxim had been, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," yet, unconsciously, his heart had yearned after me, and his ways towards me were more tender than he knew, or would have approved of in himself, could he have known. My mother, who never professed sternness, was far more severe than my father; perhaps my boyish faults annoyed her more; for I remember, now that I have written the above words, how she pleaded for me once in my riper years, when I had really offended against my father's sense of right.

But I have nothing to do with that now. It is about Cousin Phillis that I am going to write, and as yet I am far enough from even saying who Cousin Phillis was.

For some months after I was settled in Eltham, the new employment in which I was engaged—the new independence of my life—occupied all my thoughts. I was at my desk by eight o'clock, home to dinner at one, back at the office by two. The afternoon work was more uncertain than the morning's; it might be the same, or it might be that I had to accompany Mr. Holdsworth, the managing engineer, to some point on the line between Eltham and Hornby. This I always enjoyed, because of the variety, and because of the country we traversed (which was very wild and pretty), and because I was thrown into companionship with Mr. Holdsworth, who held the position of hero in my boyish mind. He was a young man of five and twenty or so, and was in a station above mine, both by birth and education; and he had travelled on the Continent, and wore mustaches and whiskers of a somewhat foreign fashion. I was proud of being seen with him. He was really a fine fellow in a good number of ways, and I might have fallen into much worse hands.

Every Saturday I wrote home, telling of my weekly doings—my father had insisted upon this; but there was so little variety in my life that I often found it hard work to fill a letter. On Sundays I went twice to chapel, up a dark, narrow entry, to hear droning hymns, and long prayers, and a still longer sermon, preached to a small congregation, of which I was, by nearly a score of years, the youngest member. Occasionally, Mr. Peters, the minister, would ask me home to tea after the second service. I dreaded

the honor; for I usually sat on the edge of my chair all the evening, and answered solemn questions, put in a deep bass voice, until household prayer-time came, at eight o'clock, when Mrs. Peters came in, smoothing down her apron, and the maid-of-all-work followed, and first a sermon, and then a chapter was read, and a long impromptu prayer followed, till some instinct told Mr. Peters that supper-time had come, and we rose from our knees with hunger for our predominant feeling. Over supper the minister did unbend a little into one or two ponderous jokes, as if to show me that ministers were men, after all. And then at ten o'clock I went home, and enjoyed my long-repressed yawns in the three-cornered room before going to bed.

Dinah and Hannah Dawson, so their names were put on the board above the shop-door—I always called them Miss Dawson and Miss Hannah—considered these visits of mine to Mr. Peters as the greatest honor a young man could have; and evidently thought that if, after such privileges, I did not work out my salvation, I was a sort of modern Judas Iscariot. On the contrary, they shook their heads over my intercourse with Mr. Holdsworth. He had been so kind to me in many ways that, when I cut into my ham, I hovered over the thought of asking him to tea in my room, more especially as the annual fair was being held in Eltham market-place, and the sight of the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the wild-beast shows, and such country pomps, was (as I thought at seventeen) very attractive. But when I ventured to allude to my wish in even distant terms, Miss Hannah caught me up, and spoke of the sinfulness of such sights, and something about wallowing in the mire, and then vaulted into France, and spoke evil of the nation, and all who had ever set foot therein, till, seeing that her anger was concentrating itself into a point, and that that point was Mr. Holdsworth, I thought it would be better to finish my breakfast, and make what haste I could out of the sound of her voice. I rather wondered afterwards to hear her and Miss Dawson counting up their weekly profits with glee, and saying that a pastry-cook's shop in the corner of the market-place, in Eltham fair week, was no such bad thing. However, I never ventured to ask Mr. Holdsworth to my lodgings.



There is not much to tell about this first year of mine at Eltham. But when I was nearly nineteen, and beginning to think of whiskers on my own account, I came to know Cousin Phillis, whose very existence had been unknown to me till then. Mr. Holdsworth and I had been out to Heathbridge for a day, working hard. Heathbridge was near Hornby, for our line of railway was above half finished. Of course, a day's outing was a great thing to tell about in my weekly letters; and I fell to describing the country—a fault I was not often guilty of. I told my father of the bogs, all over wild myrtle and soft moss, and shaking ground over which we had to carry our line; and how Mr. Holdsworth and I had gone for our mid-day meals—for we had to stay here for two days and a night—to a pretty village hard by, Heathbridge proper; and how I hoped we should often have to go there, for the shaking, uncertain ground was puzzling our engineers—one end of the line going up as soon as the other was weighted down. (I had no thought for the shareholders' interests as may be seen; we had to make a new line on firmer ground before the junction railway was completed.) I told all this at great length, thankful to fill up my paper. By return letter, I heard that a second cousin of my mother was married to the Independent minister of Hornby, Ebenezer Holman by name, and lived at Heathbridge proper; the very Heathbridge I had described, or so my mother believed, for she had never seen her cousin, Phillis Green, who was something of an heiress (my father believed), being her father's only child, and old Thomas Green had owned an estate of near upon fifty acres, which must have come to his daughter. My mother's feeling of kinship seemed to have been strongly stirred by the mention of Heathbridge; for my father said she desired me, if ever I went thither again, to make inquiry for the Reverend Ebenezer Holman; and if indeed he lived there, I was further to ask if he had not married one Phillis Green; and if both these questions were answered in the affirmative, I was to go and introduce myself as the only child of Margaret Manning, born Money-penny. I was enraged at myself for having named Heathbridge at all, when I found what it was drawing down upon me. One Independent minister, as I said to myself, was enough

for any man; and here I knew (that is to say, I had been catechized on sabbath mornings by) Mr. Hunter, our minister at home; and I had had to be civil to old Peters at Eltham, and behave myself for five hours running whenever he asked me to tea at his house; and now, just as I felt the free air blowing about me up at Heathbridge, I was to ferret out another minister, and I should perhaps have to be catechized by him, or else asked to tea at his house. Besides, I did not like pushing myself upon strangers, who perhaps had never heard of my mother's name, and such an odd name as it was—Money-penny; and if they had, had never cared more for her than she had for them, apparently, until this unlucky mention of Heathbridge.

Still, I would not disobey my parents in such a trifle, however irksome it might be. So the next time our business took me to Heathbridge, and we were dining in the little sanded inn-parlor, I took the opportunity of Mr. Holdsworth's being out of the room, and asked the questions which I was bidden to ask of the rosy-cheeked maid. I was either unintelligible, or she was stupid; for she said she did not know, but would ask master; and of course the landlord came in to understand what it was I wanted to know; and I had to bring out all my stammering inquiries before Mr. Holdsworth, who would never have attended to them, I dare say, if I had not blushed and blundered and made such a fool of myself.

"Yes," the landlord said, "the Hope Farm was in Heathbridge proper, and the owner's name was Holman, and he was an Independent minister, and, as far as the landlord could tell, his wife's Christian name was Phillis; anyhow, her maiden name was Green."

"Relations of yours?" asked Mr. Holdsworth.

"No, sir—only my mother's second-cousins. Yes, I suppose they are relations. But I never saw them in my life."

"The Hope Farm is not a stone's throw from here," said the officious landlord, going to the window. "If you carry your eye over yon bed of hollyhocks, over the damson-trees in the orchard yonder, you may see a stack of queer-like stone chimneys. Them is the Hope Farm chimneys; it's an old place, though Holman keeps it in good order."

Mr. Holdsworth had risen from the table with more promptitude than I had, and was standing by the window, looking. At the landlord's last words, he turned round, smiling—"It is not often that parsons know how to keep land in order; is it?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I must speak as I find; and Minister Holman—we call the Church clergyman here 'parson,' sir; he would be a bit jealous if he heard a Dissenter called parson—Minister Holman knows what he's about as well as e'er a farmer in the neighborhood. He gives up five days a week to his own work, and two to the Lord's; and it is difficult to say which he works hardest at. He spends Saturday and Sunday awriting sermons and avisting his flock at Hornby; and at five o'clock on Monday morning he'll be guiding his plough in the Hope Farm yonder just as well as if he could neither read nor write. But your dinner will be getting cold, gentlemen."

So we went back to table. After a while, Mr. Holdsworth broke the silence: "If I were you, Manning, I'd look up these relations of yours. You can go and see what they're like while we're waiting for Dobson's estimates, and I'll smoke a cigar in the garden meanwhile."

"Thank you, sir. But I don't know them, and I don't think I want to know them."

"What did you ask all these questions for, then?" said he, looking quickly up at me. He had no notion of doing or saying things without a purpose. I did not answer, so he continued, "Make up your mind, and go off and see what this farmer-minister is like, and come back and tell me; I should like to hear."

I was so in the habit of yielding to his authority, or influence, that I never thought of resisting, but went on my errand, though I remember feeling as if I would rather have had my head cut off. The landlord, who had evidently taken an interest in the event of our discussion in a way that country landlords have, accompanied me to the house-door, and gave me repeated directions, as if I was likely to miss my way in two hundred yards. But I listened to him, for I was glad of the delay, to screw up my courage for the effort of facing unknown people and introducing myself. I went along the lane, I recollect, switching at all the taller roadside weeds, till, after a turn or two, I found myself close in front of

the Hope Farm. There was a garden between the house and the shady, grassy lane: I afterwards found that this garden was called the court; perhaps because there was a low wall round it, with an iron railing on the top of the wall, and two great gates between pillars crowned with stone balls for a state entrance to the flagged path leading up to the front-door. It was not the habit of the place to go in either by these great gates or by the front-door; the gates, indeed, were locked, as I found, though the door stood wide open. I had to go round by a side-path lightly worn on a broad grassy way, which led past the court-wall, past a horse-mount, half-covered with stone-crop and the little wild yellow fumitory, to another door—"the curate," as I found it was termed by the master of the house, while the front-door, "handsome and all for show," was termed the "rector." I knocked with my hand upon the "curate" door; a tall girl, about my own age, as I thought, came and opened it, and stood there silent, waiting to know my errand. I see her now—Cousin Phillis. The westering sun shone full upon her, and made a slanting stream of light into the room within. She was dressed in dark blue cotton of some kind; up to her throat, down to the wrists, with a little frill of the same wherever it touched her white skin. And such a white skin as it was! I have never seen the like. She had light hair, nearer yellow than any other color. She looked me steadily in the face with large, quiet eyes, wondering, but untroubled by the sight of a stranger. I thought it odd that so old, so full-grown as she was, she should wear a pinafore over her gown.

Before I had quite made up my mind what to say in reply to her mute inquiry of what I wanted there, a woman's voice called out, "Who is it, Phillis? If it is any one for butter-milk, send them round to the back-door."

I thought I could rather speak to the owner of that voice than to the girl before me; so I passed her, and stood at the entrance of a room, hat in hand, for this side-door opened straight into the hall or house-place where the family sat when work was done. There was a brisk little woman of forty or so ironing some huge muslin cravats under the light of a long vine-shaded casement window. She looked at me distrustfully till I began to speak. "My name is Paul Manning," said I; but I saw she did

not know the name. "My mother's name was Money-penny," said I,—"Margaret Money-penny."

"And she married one John Manning, of Birmingham," said Mrs. Holman, eagerly. "And you'll be her son. Sit down! I am right glad to see you. To think of your being Margaret's son! Why, she was almost a child not so long ago. Well, to be sure, it is five and twenty years ago. And what brings you into these parts?"

She sat down herself, as if oppressed by her curiosity as to all the five and twenty years that had passed by since she had seen my mother. Her daughter Phillis took up her knitting,—a man's long gray worsted stocking, I remember,—and knitted away without looking at her work. I felt that the steady gaze of those deep gray eyes was upon me, though once, when I stealthily raised mine to hers, she was examining something on the wall above my head.

When I had answered all my Cousin Holman's questions, she heaved a long breath, and said, "To think of Margaret Money-penny's boy being in our house! I wish the minister was here. Phillis, in what field is thy father to-day?"

"In the five-acre; they are beginning to cut the corn."

"He'll not like being sent for, then, else I should have liked you to have seen the minister. But the five-acre is a good step off. You shall have a glass of wine and a bit of cake before you stir from this house, though. You're bound to go, you say, or else the minister comes in mostly when the men have their four o'clock."

"I must go—I ought to have been off before now."

"Here, then, Phillis, take the keys." She gave her daughter some whispered directions, and Phillis left the room.

"She is my cousin; is she not?" I asked. I knew she was, but somehow I wanted to talk of her, and did not know how to begin.

"Yes—Phillis Holman. She is our only child—now."

Either from that "now," or from a strange momentary wistfulness in her eyes, I knew that there had been more children, who were now dead.

"How old is Cousin Phillis?" said I, scarcely venturing on the new name, it seemed too prettily familiar for me to call

her by it; but Cousin Holman took no notice of it, answering straight to the purpose.

"Seventeen last May-day; but the minister does not like to hear me calling it May-day," said she, checking herself with a little awe. "Phillis was seventeen on the first day of May last," she repeated in an amended edition.

"And I am nineteen in another month," thought I to myself; I don't know why.

Then Phillis came in, carrying a tray with wine and cake upon it.

"We keep a house-servant," said Cousin Holman, "but it is churning day, and she is busy." It was meant as a little proud apology for her daughter's being the handmaiden.

"I like doing it, mother," said Phillis, in her grave, full voice.

I felt as if I were somebody in the Old Testament—whom, I could not recollect—being served and waited upon by the daughter of the host. Was I like Abraham's steward, when Rebekah gave him to drink at the well? I thought Isaac had not gone the pleasantest way to work in winning him a wife. But Phillis never thought about such things. She was a stately, gracious young woman, in the dress and with the simplicity of a child.

As I had been taught, I drank to the health of my new-found cousin and her husband; and then I ventured to name my Cousin Phillis with a little bow of my head towards her; but I was too awkward to look and see how she took my compliment. "I must go now," said I, rising.

Neither of the women had thought of sharing in the wine; Cousin Holman had broken a bit of cake for form's sake.

"I wish the minister had been within," said his wife, rising too. Secretly I was very glad he was not. I did not take kindly to ministers in those days, and I thought he must be a particular kind of man, by his objecting to the term May-day. But before I went, Cousin Holman made me promise that I would come back on the Saturday following and spend Sunday with them, when I should see something of "the minister."

"Come on Friday, if you can," were her last words as she stood at the curate-door, shading her eyes from the sinking sun with her hand.

Inside the house sat Cousin Phillis, her golden hair, her dazzling complexion lighting up the corner of the vine-shadowed room.

She had not risen when I bade her good-by; she had looked at me straight as she said her tranquil words of farewell.

I found Mr. Holdsworth down at the line, hard at work superintending. As soon as he had a pause, he said, "Well, Manning, what are the new cousins like? How do preaching and farming seem to get on together? If the minister turns out to be practical as well as reverend, I shall begin to respect him."

But he hardly attended to my answer, he was so much more occupied with directing his work-people. Indeed, my answer did not come very readily; and the most distinct part of it was the mention of the invitation that had been given me.

"Oh, of course you can go—and on Friday, too, if you like; there is no reason why not this week; and you've done a long spell of work this time, old fellow."

I thought that I did not want to go on Friday; but when the day came, I found that I should prefer going to staying away, so I availed myself of Mr. Holdsworth's permission, and went over to Hope Farm some time in the afternoon, a little later than my last visit. I found the "curate" open to admit the soft September air, so tempered by the warmth of the sun, that it was warmer out of doors than in, although the wooden log lay smouldering in front of a heap of hot ashes on the hearth. The vine-leaves over the window had a tinge more yellow, their edges were here and there scorched and browned; there was no ironing about, and Cousin Holman sat just outside the house, mending a shirt. Phillis was at her knitting indoors: it seemed as if she had been at it all the week. The many-speckled fowls were pecking about in the farmyard beyond, and the milk-cans glittered with brightness, hung out to sweeten. The court was so full of flowers that they crept out upon the low-covered wall and horse-mount, and were even to be found self-sown upon the turf that bordered the path to the back of the house. I fancied that my Sunday coat was scented for days afterwards by the bushes of sweetbrier and the fraxinella that perfumed the air. From time to time Cousin Holman put her hand into a covered basket at her feet, and threw handfuls of corn down for the pigeons that cooed and fluttered in the air around, in expectation of this treat.

I had a thorough welcome as soon as she

saw me. "Now this is kind—this is right down friendly," shaking my hand warmly.

"Phillis, your Cousin Manning is come!"

"Call me Paul, will you?" said I; "they call me so at home, and Manning in the office."

"Well, Paul, then. Your room is all ready for you, Paul; for, as I said to the minister, 'I'll have it ready whether he comes o' Friday or not.' And the minister said he must go up to the Ashfield whether you were to come or not; but he would come home sometimes to see if you were here. I'll show you to your room, and you can wash the dust off a bit."

After I came down, I think she did not quite know what to do with me, or she might think that I was dull, or she might have work to do in which I hindered her; for she called Phillis, and bade her put on her bonnet, and go with me to the Ashfield, and find father. So we set off, I in a little flutter of a desire to make myself agreeable, but wishing that my companion were not quite so tall; for she was above me in height. While I was wondering how to begin our conversation, she took up the words.

"I suppose, Cousin Paul, you have to be very busy at your work all day long in general."

"Yes, we have to be in the office at half-past eight; and we have an hour for dinner, and then we go at it again till eight or nine."

"Then you have not much time for reading?"

"No," said I, with a sudden consciousness that I did not make the most of what leisure I had.

"No more have I. Father always gets an hour before going afield in the mornings; but mother does not like me to get up so early."

"My mother is always wanting me to get up earlier when I am at home."

"What time do you get up?"

"Oh!—ah!—sometimes half-past six; not often though;" for I remembered only twice that I had done so during the past summer.

She turned her head and looked at me.

"Father is up at three; and so was mother till she was ill. I should like to be up at four."

"Your father up at three! Why, what has he to do at that hour?"

"What has he not to do? He has his private exercise in his own room: he always



rings the great bell which calls the men to milking; he rouses up Betty, our maid; as often as not he gives the horses their feed before the man is up—for Jem, who takes care of the horses, is an old man, and father is always loth to disturb him; he looks at the calves, and the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn before the horses go afield; he has often to whip-cord the plough-whips; he sees the hogs fed; he looks into the swill-tubs, and writes his orders for what is wanted for food for man and beast; yes, and for fuel too. And then, if he has a bit of time to spare, he comes in and reads with me—but only English; we keep Latin for the evenings, that we may have time to enjoy it; and then he calls in the man to breakfast, and cuts the boys' bread and cheese; and sees their wooden bottles filled, and sends them off to their work; and by this time it is half-past six, and we have our breakfast. There is father!" she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful laborer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field, and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving some directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him, and he interrupted himself and stepped forwards, holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But—Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land: it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Mon-

day—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now, I will give out the psalm, 'Come all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

"I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he; "but it is not a bad practice—not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all."

I had nothing particular to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-colored knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand, as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so they, holding each other, went along towards home. We had to cross a lane. In it there were two little children, one lying prone on the grass in a passion of crying, the



other standing stock still, with its finger in its mouth, the large tears slowly rolling down its cheeks for sympathy. The cause of their distress was evident—there was a broken brown pitcher, and a little pool of spilt milk on the road.

"Hollo! hollo! What's all this?" said the minister. "Why, what have you been about, Tommy," lifting the little petticoated lad, who was lying sobbing, with one vigorous arm. Tommy looked at him with surprise in his round eyes, but no affright; they were evidently old acquaintances.

"Mammy's jug!" said he, at last, beginning to cry afresh.

"Well! and will crying piece mammy's jug, or pick up spilt milk? How did you manage it, Tommy?"

"He" (jerking his head at the other) "and me was running races."

"Tommy said he could beat me," put in the other.

"Now, I wonder what will make you two silly lads mind, and not run races again with a pitcher of milk between you," said the minister, as if musing. "I might flog you, and so save mammy the trouble; for I dare say she'll do it if I don't." The fresh burst of whimpering from both showed the probability of this. "Or I might take you to the Hope Farm, and give you some more milk; but then you'd be running races again, and my milk would follow that to the ground, and make another white pool. I think the flogging would be the best; don't you?"

"We would never run races no more," said the elder of the two.

"Then you'd not be boys; you'd be angels."

"No, we shouldn't."

"Why not?"

They looked into each other's eyes for an answer to this puzzling question. At length, one said, "Angels is dead folk."

"Come, we will not get too deep into theology. What do you think of my lending you a tin can with a lid to carry the milk home in? That would not break, at any rate; though I would not answer for the milk not spilling if you ran races. That's it!"

He had dropped his daughter's hand, and now held out each of his to the little fellows. Phillis and I followed, and listened to the prattle which the minister's companions now

poured out to him, and which he was evidently enjoying. At a certain point, there was a sudden burst of the tawny, ruddy-evening landscape. The minister turned round and quoted a line or two of Latin.

"It's wonderful," said he, "how exactly Virgil has hit the enduring epithets, nearly two thousand years ago, and in Italy; and yet how it describes to a T what is now lying before us in the parish of Heathbridge, County —, England."

"I dare say it does," said I, all aglow with shame, for I had forgotten the little Latin I ever knew.

The minister shifted his eyes to Phillis's face; it mutely gave him back the sympathetic appreciation that I, in my ignorance, could not bestow.

"Oh, this is worse than the catechism!" thought I; "that was only remembering words."

"Phillis, lass, thou must go home with these lads, and tell their mother all about the race and the milk. Mammy must always know the truth," now speaking to the children. "And tell her, too, from me that I have got the best birch rod in the parish; and that if she ever thinks her children want a flogging she must bring them to me, and, if I think they deserve it, I'll give it them better than she can." So Phillis led the children towards the dairy, somewhere in the back-yard, and I followed the minister in through the "curate" into the house-place.

"Their mother," said he, "is a bit of a vixen, and apt to punish her children without rhyme or reason. I try to keep the parish rod as well as the parish bull."

He sat down in the three-cornered chair by the fireside, and looked around the empty room.

"Where's the missus?" said he to himself. But she was there in a minute; it was her regular plan to give him his welcome home—by a look, by a touch, nothing more—as soon as she could after his return, and he had missed her now. Regardless of my presence, he went over the day's doings to her, and then, getting up, he said he must go and make himself "reverend," and that then we would have a cup of tea in the parlor. The parlor was a large room with two casemented windows on the other side of the broad flagged passage leading from the rector-door to the wide staircase, with its shallow,

polished oaken steps, on which no carpet was ever laid. The parlor-floor was covered in the middle by a home-made carpeting of needlework and list. One or two quaint family pictures of the Holman family hung round the walls; the fire-grate and irons were much ornamented with brass, and on a table against the wall between the windows, a great beau-pot of flowers was placed upon the folio volumes of Matthew Henry's Bible. It was a compliment to me to use this room, and I tried to be grateful for it; but we never had our meals there after that first day, and I was glad of it; for the large house-place, living-room, dining-room, whichever you might like to call it, was twice as comfortable and cheerful. There was a rug in front of the great large fireplace, and an oven by the grate, and a crook, with the kettle hanging from it, over the bright wood fire; everything that ought to be black and polished in that room was black and polished; and the flags and window-curtains and such things as were to be white and clean, were just spotless in their purity. Opposite to the fireplace, extending the whole length of the room, was an oaken shovel-board, with the right incline for a skilful player to send the weights into the prescribed space. There were baskets of white work about, and a small shelf of books hung against the wall, books used for reading, and not for propping up a beau-pot of flowers. I took down one or two of those books once when I was left alone in the house-place on the first evening—Virgil, Cæsar, a Greek grammar—oh, dear! ah, me! and Phillis Holman's name in each of them! I shut them up, and put them back in their places, and walked as far away from the book-shelf as I could. Yes, and I gave my Cousin Phillis a wide berth, although she was sitting at her work quietly enough, and her hair was looking more golden, her dark eyelashes longer, her round pillar of a throat whiter than ever. We had done tea, and we had returned into the house-place that the minister might smoke his pipe without fear of contaminating the drab damask window-curtains of the parlor. He had made himself "reverend" by putting on one of the voluminous white muslin neckcloths that I had seen Cousin Holman ironing that first visit I had paid to the Hope Farm, and by making one or two other unimportant changes in his dress. He sat looking steadily at me, but

whether he saw me or not I cannot tell. At the time I fancied that he did, and was gauging me in some unknown fashion in his secret mind. Every now and then he took his pipe out of his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and asked me some fresh question. As long as these related to my acquirements or my reading, I shuffled uneasily and did not know what to answer. By and by he got round to the more practical subject of railroads, and on this I was more at home. I really had taken an interest in my work; nor would Mr. Holdsworth, indeed, have kept me in his employment if I had not given my mind as well as my time to it; and I was, besides, full of the difficulties which beset us just then, owing to our not being able to find a steady bottom on the Heathbridge moss, over which we wished to carry our line. In the midst of all my eagerness in speaking about this, I could not help being struck with the extreme pertinence of his questions. I do not mean that he did not show ignorance of many of the details of engineering; that was to have been expected; but on the premises he had got hold of, he thought clearly and reasoned logically. Phillis—so like him as she was, both in body and mind—kept stopping at her work and looking at me, trying to fully understand all that I said. I felt she did; and perhaps it made me take more pains in using clear expressions, and arranging my words, than I otherwise should.

"She shall see I know something worth knowing, though it mayn't be her dead-and-gone languages," thought I.

"I see," said the minister, at length; "I understand it all. You've a clear, good head of your own, my lad,—choose how you came by it."

"From my father," said I, proudly. "Have you not heard of his discovery of a new method of shunting? It was in the *Gazette*. It was patented. I thought every one had heard of Manning's patent winch."

"We don't know who invented the alphabet," said he, half smiling, and taking up his pipe.

"No, I dare say not, sir," replied I, half offended; "that's so long ago."

Puff—puff—puff.

"But your father must be a notable man. I heard of him once before; and it is not many a one fifty miles away whose fame reaches Heathbridge."

"My father is a notable man, sir. It is not me that says so; it is Mr. Holdsworth, and—and everybody."

"He is right to stand up for his father," said Cousin Holman, as if she were pleading for me.

I chafed inwardly, thinking that my father needed no one to stand up for him. He was man sufficient for himself.

"Yes, he is right," said the minister, placidly,—"right, because it comes from his heart—right, too, as I believe, in point of fact. Else there is many a young cockerel that will stand upon a dunghill and crow about his father, by way of making his own plumage to shine. I should like to know thy father," he went on, turning straight to me, with a kindly, frank look in his eyes.

But I was vexed, and would take no notice. Presently, having finished his pipe, he got up and left the room. Phillis put her work hastily down, and went after him. In a minute or two she returned, and sat down again. Not long after, and before I had quite recovered my good temper, he opened the door out of which he had passed, and called to me to come to him. I went across a narrow stone passage into a strange, many-cornered room, not ten feet in area, part study, part counting-house, looking into the farmyard; with a desk to sit at, a desk to stand at, a spittoon, a set of shelves with old divinity books upon them; another, smaller, filled with books on farriery, farming, manures, and such subjects, with pieces of paper containing memoranda stuck against the whitewashed walls with wafers, nails, pins, anything that came readiest to hand; a box of carpenter's tools on the floor, and some manuscripts in short-hand on the desk.

He turned round, half laughing. "That foolish girl of mine thinks I have vexed you"—putting his large, powerful hand on my shoulder. "'Nay,' says I; 'kindly meant is kindly taken; 'is it not so?'"

"It was not quite, sir," replied I, vanquished by his manner; "but it shall be in future."

"Come, that's right. You and I shall be friends. Indeed, it's not many a one I would bring in here. But I was reading a book this morning, and I could not make it out; it is a book that was left here by mistake one day; I had subscribed to Brother Robinson's sermons; and I was glad to see this instead of

them, for sermons though they be, they're . . . well, never mind! I took 'em both, and made my old coat do a bit longer; but all's fish that comes to my net. I have fewer books than leisure to read them, and I have a prodigious big appetite. Here it is."

It was a volume of stiff mechanics, involving many technical terms, and some rather deep mathematics. These last, which would have puzzled me, seemed easy enough to him; all that he wanted was the explanations of the technical words, which I could easily give.

While he was looking through the book to find the places where he had been puzzled, my wandering eye caught on some of the papers on the wall, and I could not help reading one, which has stuck by me ever since. At first, it seemed a kind of weekly diary; but then I saw that the seven days were portioned out for special prayers and intercessions: Monday for his family, Tuesday for enemies, Wednesday for the Independent churches, Thursday for all other churches, Friday for persons afflicted, Saturday for his own soul, Sunday for all wanderers and sinners, that they might be brought home to the fold.

We were called back into the house-place to have supper. A door opening into the kitchen was opened; and all stood up in both rooms, while the minister, tall, large, one hand resting on the spread table, the other lifted up, said, in the deep voice that would have been loud had it not been so full and rich, but with the peculiar accent or twang that I believe is considered devout by some people, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do all to the glory of God."

The supper was an immense meat-pie. We of the house-place were helped first; then the minister hit the handle of his buck-horn carving-knife on the table once, and said,—

"Now or never," which meant, did any of us want any more; and when we had all declined, either by silence or by words, he knocked twice with his knife on the table, and Betty came in through the open door, and carried off the great dish to the kitchen, where an old man and a young one, and a help-girl, were awaiting their meal.

"Shut the door, if you will," said the minister to Betty.

"That's in honor of you," said Cousin

Holman, in a tone of satisfaction, as the door was shut. "When we've no stranger with us, the minister is so fond of keeping the door open, and talking to the men and maids, just as much as to Phillis and me."

"It brings us all together like a household just before we meet as a household in prayer," said he, in explanation. "But to go back to what we were talking about—can you tell me of any simple book on dynamics that I could put in my pocket, and study a little at leisure times in the day?"

"Leisure times, father?" said Phillis, with a nearer approach to a smile than I had yet seen on her face.

"Yes, leisure times, daughter. There is many an odd minute lost in waiting for other folk; and now that railroads are coming so near us, it behooves us to know something about them."

I thought of his own description of his "prodigious big appetite" for learning. And he had a good appetite of his own for the more material victual before him. But I saw, or fancied I saw, that he had some rule for himself in the matter both of food and drink.

As soon as supper was done the household assembled for prayer. It was a long impromptu evening prayer; and it would have seemed desultory enough had I not had a glimpse of the kind of day that preceded it, and so been able to find a clue to the thoughts that preceded the disjointed utterances; for he kept there, kneeling down in the centre of a circle, his eyes shut, his outstretched hands pressed palm to palm—sometimes with a long pause of silence, as if waiting to see if there was anything else he wished to "lay before the Lord" (to use his own expression)—before he concluded with the blessing. He prayed for the cattle and live creatures, rather to my surprise; for my attention had begun to wander, till it was recalled by the familiar words.

And here I must not forget to name an odd incident at the conclusion of the prayer, and before we had risen from our knees (indeed, before Betty was well awake, for she made a nightly practice of having a sound nap, her weary head lying on her stalwart arms); the minister, still kneeling in our midst, but with his eyes wide open, and his arms dropped by his side, spoke to the elder man, who turned round on his knees to attend. "John, didst see that Daisy had her

warm mash to-night; for we must not neglect the means, John—two quarts of gruel, a spoonful of ginger, and a gill of beer; the poor beast needs it, and I fear it slipped out of my mind to tell thee; and here was I asking a blessing and neglecting the means, which is a mockery," said he, dropping his voice.

Before we went to bed he told me he should see little or nothing more of me during my visit, which was to end on Sunday evening, as he always gave up both Saturday and sabbath to his work in the ministry. I remembered that the landlord at the inn had told me this on the day when I first inquired about these new relations of mine; and I did not dislike the opportunity which I saw would be afforded me of becoming more acquainted with Cousin Holman and Phillis, though I earnestly hoped that the latter would not attack me on the subject of the dead languages.

I went to bed, and dreamed that I was as tall as Cousin Phillis, and had a sudden and miraculous growth of whisker, and a still more miraculous acquaintance with Latin and Greek. Alas! I awakened up still a short, beardless lad, with "*tempus fugit*" for my sole remembrance of the little Latin I had once learned. While I was dressing, a bright thought came over me; I could question Cousin Phillis instead of her questioning me, and so manage to keep the choice of the subjects of conversation in my own power.

Early as it was, every one had breakfasted, and my basin of bread and milk was put on the oven-top to await my coming down. Every one was gone about their work. The first to come into the house-place was Phillis with a basket of eggs. Faithful to my resolution, I asked,—

"What are those?"

She looked at me for a moment and then said, gravely,—

"Potatoes!"

"No, they are not," said I; "they are eggs. What do you mean by saying they are potatoes?"

"What do you mean by asking me what they were, when they were plain to be seen?" retorted she.

We were both getting a little angry with each other.

"I don't know. I wanted to begin to talk to you; and I was afraid you would talk to me about books as you did yesterday. I have

not read much; and you and the minister have read so much."

"I have not," said she. "But you are our guest; and mother says I must make it pleasant to you. We won't talk of books. What must we talk about?"

"I don't know. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last May. How old are you?"

"I am nineteen. Older than you by nearly two years," said I, drawing myself up to my full height.

"I should not have thought you were above sixteen," she replied, as quietly as if she were not saying the most provoking thing she possibly could. Then came a pause.

"What are you going to do now?" asked I.

"I should be dusting the bed-chambers; but mother said I had better stay and make it pleasant to you," said she, a little plaintively, as if dusting rooms was far the easier task.

"Will you take me to see the live-stock?"

I like animals, though I don't know much about them."

"Oh, do you? I am so glad! I was afraid you would not like animals, as you did not like books."

I wondered why she said this. I think it was because she had begun to fancy all our tastes must be dissimilar. We went together all through the farmyard; we fed the poultry, she kneeling down with her pinafore full of corn and meal, and tempting the little timid, downy chickens upon it, much to the anxiety of the fussy ruffled hen, their mother. She called to the pigeons, who fluttered down at the sound of her voice. She and I examined the great sleek cart-horses; sympathized in our dislike of pigs; fed the calves; coaxed the sick cow, Daisy; and admired the others out at pasture; and came back tired and hungry and dirty at dinner-time, having quite forgotten that there were such things as dead languages, and consequently capital friends.

**NICOJACK CAVE.**—Nicojack Cave, from which the enemy derived their chief supply of nitre for the manufacture of gunpowder, is a wonderful cavern, extending under the base of Sand Mountain, a distance of over seven miles. The earth is impregnated with nitrate of lime, and this is mixed with carbonate of potash. A double decomposition takes place. The nitric acid of the nitrate of lime goes over to the potash, forming nitrate of potash, and the carbonic acid of the carbonate of potash passes over to the lime, forming carbonate of lime, which, being insoluble, precipitates to the bottom, leaving the nitrate of potash in solution, and this is afterwards crystallized by boiling in iron kettles after the manner of the manufacture of potash. Before their capture, these mines produced three hundred pounds of nitre a day.

I yesterday procured a guide and visited the cavern. We dressed ourselves in rough clothing, and procuring long pitch-pine torches and canoes, penetrated and explored its devious windings and turnings for more than three miles. The entrance is through a large opening or gateway in the rock at the base of the mountain, eighty feet broad, and as many feet high, through which rolls a volume of water large enough and deep enough to be called a river. The water is as cold as ice, and clear as crystal. In the wet, stifling atmosphere, floundering in mud and water and darkness, we clambered over rocks, and explored the interior for more than six hours, until we were glad enough to come out into the light again. There are caverns here of infinite size and capacity, so lofty and so broad that we could not throw a stone to the rocky roof overhead, or the rocky wall beyond. There are other

caverns whose only entrance is through a small cavity, reached only by crawling on the belly for rods. These are covered overhead with crystals and stalactites of wonderful beauty. A canoe lies in the mouth of the cave, which will take the adventurer to the source, seven miles into the interior; but I had had enough of explorations, and did not care to repeat it.

These visits are not unattended with danger. It is necessary to have the services of an experienced guide, or there is great likelihood of losing one's way in the labyrinth of caverns and curious windings. Several accidents of this nature are related. One of them happened within the last ten days. A lieutenant and three men went into the cavern for an afternoon's diversion, and have not been heard from since. They doubtless lost their way, and wandered about until starvation and then death relieved them.

The name of the cave had its origin in a similar incident. A negro, by the name of "Jack," entered the cave, and has never since reported. This was thirty years ago. Hence "Nigger Jack Cave," and then, for the sake of euphony, "Nicojack Cave."—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

**The Desk-Book of English Synonyms.** Designed to afford assistance in Composition, and also as a work of reference requisite to the Secretary, and indispensable to the student. By John Sherer. Groombridge and Sons. Pp. 240.

Our author's chief authorities in this very useful compilation are Crabbe, Richardson, and Webster; and, from the very careful and complete manner in which he has got up his "Analytical Index," we should think the volume would readily serve every purpose intended.



Part of an Article in Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. HAWTHORNE.

FORTUNATELY for us, only the best of American literature ever secures a footing among us. There is a vast quantity of what passes for very fine writing in the States, which it would be worth nobody's while to republish here. But when an American's claim to whisper in the world's ear is once established, his transatlantic birth seems to affect favorably for him his English audience; so that when he comes among us he is already naturalized, and, uniting the claims of a distinguished foreign guest with those of an illustrious denizen, he receives far more honor than would be bestowed on a native writer of equal merit and celebrity. His foreign extraction, his different breeding, and the union of the strange and familiar in his language and ideas, are what probably confers on his companionship, in the estimation of our social epicures, all the superiority of flavor which game possesses over poultry.

It is many years now since the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne was inscribed among those English worthies of the time, whom Britannia delighteth to honor. Everybody who could pretend to a taste capable of discerning a flavor more delicate than that of the red-herrings and devilled bones so agreeable to the popular palate, perceived and commended the strange, wild, simple charm of this writer's genius. A still more select body of admirers—among whom we do not claim to be admitted—were enraptured with characteristics which, whether blemishes or additional charms, are doubtless inherent, and elements of his individuality, and without which the image of his mind could not be projected truly on the disc of literature—to wit, a certain mysticism and mistiness; mysticism, in dimly showing us strange and indistinct corners of our moral world, where the objects are so faintly defined that, like shapes in the glowing coals, they admit of as many interpretations as there are lively fancies in the interpreters; and mistiness, in a wilful incompleteness of incident, and refusal to explain the various hints and other devices by which curiosity has been stimulated, for the purpose of aiding the general moonlight effect. All these are peculiarities which his readers will recognize as distinctive of him, whether they like them or not; and another characteristic, which can scarcely, perhaps,

be called a peculiarity, is an inclination to paint obliquities of character. His fondness for the analysis of the moral and mental framework of humanity is evidently absorbing; and as our greatest anatomists are much more apt to accumulate in their museums the deviations and fantasies into which nature has strayed in diversifying the human form, the giants and curious abortions, inseparable twins, and two-headed bodies, than more commonplace if more comfortable tenements of clay, so Hawthorne seems especially to delight in displaying moral twists rather curious than delightful to contemplate. And, along with these, co-exist in his pictures highly idealized and sublimated personages—singular, not so much for unusual gifts as for freedom from defects, and perfect with a negative perfection. Anybody who has read his latest novel, "The Romance of Monte Beni," will recognize most of these elements and types—the mystical, in the character of Donotello, with his strange gifts, his more than semi-supernatural origin, and his metaphysical transformation; the misty, in the obscurity of the influences which surround Miriam, and which are never explained; the sublimated being, in the girl-painter Hilda; while, for specimens of studies more curious than pleasant, we would take Clifford of "The House of the Seven Gables," old Roger Chillingworth of "The Scarlet Letter," and Zenobia and other personages of "The Blithedale Romance." But however diverse and seemingly unreconcilable his characters, he always manages to surround them with an atmosphere in which they can live and act together harmoniously for the ends of the work, as fairies and classic personages and absurd mechanics all unite in producing the gracefully grotesque effect of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The strangest circumstance of all is, that, whatever the obscurity of incident or mistiness of plot, there is perfect limpidity in the language; so that the vague effects are produced rather by strange associations than by blurring or confusion, as the shadows of the sky mix with roots and pebbles in the dark depths of a pellucid fountain.

But it would be unfair and untrue to leave the inference possible, that all the main characteristics of his style were summed up in calling it a clear and harmonious rendering of strange combinations of ideas. For he has a singular power and felicity of observation,

the power being shown in the ease and certainty with which he grasps and plays with a subject, the felicity in the faculty of selection which unconsciously winnows what he wants to describe of all its chaff and commonplace investiture. And when his genius takes this direction, the results, conveyed in his clear, excellent form of expression, are such as to recall the simple yet subtle charm with which Addison and Goldsmith and Irving wrought. As a specimen of this style, we especially remember the account of the old custom-house which forms the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," and is a charming piece of Old-World painting. And, lastly, he has a gentle yet spirited humor, never better displayed than in "The Celestial Railway," that happy sketch of modern "Pilgrim's Progress," showing the changes which have taken place since Bunyan's time in the mode of journeying towards the Shining City; where the pilgrims are passengers, and the journey is made by train from the City of Destruction—Apollyon, the ancient foe of wayfarers, having taken the office of stoker, and every facility being given for observing the humors and temptations of Vanity Fair; while the travellers, far from bearing, like poor Christian, their burdens painfully on their backs, see them safely consigned to the luggage-van, with a promise (admirable stroke of humor!) that all shall be punctually given back to the owners at the end of the journey.

All of us form, almost unconsciously, an idea of the personal character of a writer with whose works we are familiar, when his walk in literature is, like Hawthorne's, such as to admit of the display of individuality; and few have impressed their audience with a more distinct stamp of their personality than this author. We think of him as a man unusually shy and reserved, both because he habitually

prefers to draw on imagination and on a narrow circle of reality for his subjects, rather than to look abroad on the actual world; and because an acquaintance with that world could only be maintained at the expense of that delicate bloom and wild fragrance which are the chief among his charms. Dreamy he must be, listless of aim, as seeing little to allure him in the ordinary material objects of men, and given to look at common things in an uncommon light, which transfigures and even sometimes distorts them; yet capable of the shrewd glance that penetrates into surrounding realities, and saves him from being a visionary. But above all, whatever else he might turn out to be, we should have predicted that he was eminently, with all his shyness and reserve, a gentle and a genial man. For while he is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law;—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free; so that we know not what degree of iniquity a character must attain to, absolutely to deprive it of his sympathy. Looking thus on the tragic parts of his subject, he prefers, in treating of simple and common matters, to regard them in their graceful and sunny aspect. His sharpest satire is kindlier than the geniality of a really sarcastic man; and for mere weaknesses which do not amount to vice—indolence, vagabondism, and suchlike—he does not conceal his partiality. Kindly, clear, picturesque, graceful, quaint—such are the epithets which define his path in literature.

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From All the Year Round.

# THE CAGE AT CRANFORD.

HAVE I told you anything about my friends at Cranford since the year 1856? I think not.

You remember the Gordons, don't you? She that was Jessie Brown, who married her old love, Major Gordon, and from being poor became quite a rich lady: but for all that, never forgot any of her old friends in Cranford.

Well, the Gordons were travelling abroad, for they were very fond of travelling; people who have had to spend part of their lives in a regiment always are, I think. They were now at Paris, in May, 1856, and were going to stop there, and in the neighborhood all summer, but Mr. Ludovic was coming to England soon, so Mrs. Gordon wrote me word. I was glad she told me, for just then I was waiting to make a little present to Miss Pole, with whom I was staying; so I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to choose me something pretty and new and fashionable, that would be acceptable to Miss Pole. Miss Pole had just been talking a great deal about Mrs. FitzAdam's caps being so unfashionable, which I suppose made me put in that word fashionable; but afterwards I wished I had sent to say my present was not to be too fashionable; for there is such a thing, I can assure you! The price of my present was not to be more than twenty shillings; but that is a very handsome sum if you put it in that way, though it may not sound so much if you only call it a sovereign.

Mrs. Gordon wrote back to me, pleased, as she always was, with doing anything for her old friends. She told me that she had been out for a day's shopping before going into the country, and had got a cage for herself of the newest and most elegant description, and had thought that she could not do better than get another like it as my present for Miss Pole, as cages were so much better made in Paris than anywhere else. I was rather dismayed when I read this letter; for, however pretty a cage might be, it was something for Miss Pole's own self, and not for her parrot, that I had intended to get. Here had I been finding ever so many reasons against her buying a new cap at Johnson's fashion-show, because I thought that the present which Mrs. Gordon was to choose for me in Paris might turn out to be an elegant and fashionable head-dress; a kind of cross between a turban and

a cap, as I see those from Paris mostly are; and now I had to veer round, and advise her to go as fast as she could, and secure Mr. Johnson's cap before any other purchaser snatched it up. But Miss Pole was too sharp for me.

"Why, Mary," said she, "it was only yesterday you were running down that cap like anything. You said, you know, that lilac was too old a color for me, and green too young; and that the mixture was very unbecoming."

"Yes, I know," said I; "but I have thought better of it. I thought about it a great deal last night, and I think—I thought—they would neutralize each other; and the shadows of any color are, you know—something I know—complementary colors." I was not sure of my own meaning, but I had an idea in my head, though I could not express it. She took me up shortly.

"Child, you don't know what you are saying. And besides, I don't want compliments at my time of life. I lay awake, too, thinking of the cap. I only buy one ready-made once a year, and of course it's a matter for consideration; and I came to the conclusion that you were quite right."

"O dear Miss Pole! I was quite wrong; if you only knew—I did think it a very pretty cap—only—"

"Well, do just finish what you've got to say. You're almost as bad as Miss Matty in your way of talking, without being half as good as she is in other ways; though I'm very fond of you, Mary, I don't mean I am not; but you must see you're very off and on, and very muddle-headed. It's the truth, so you will not mind my saying so."

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Well, the Gordons were travelling abroad, for they were very fond of travelling; people who have had to spend part of their lives in a regiment always are, I think. They were now at Paris, in May, 1856, and were going to stop there, and in the neighborhood all summer, but Mr. Ludovic was coming to England soon, so Mrs. Gordon wrote me word. I was glad she told me, for just then I was waiting to make a little present to Miss Pole, with whom I was staying; so I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to choose me something pretty and new and fashionable, that would be acceptable to Miss Pole. Miss Pole had just been talking a great deal about Mrs. FitzAdam's caps being so unfashionable, which I suppose made me put in that word fashionable; but afterwards I wished I had sent to say my present was not to be too fashionable; for there is such a thing, I can assure you! The price of my present was not to be more than twenty shillings; but that is a very handsome sum if you put it in that way, though it may not sound so much if you only call it a sovereign.

Mrs. Gordon wrote back to me, pleased, as she always was, with doing anything for her old friends. She told me that she had been out for a day's shopping before going into the country, and had got a cage for herself of the newest and most elegant description, and had thought that she could not do better than get another like it as my present for Miss Pole, as cages were so much better made in Paris than anywhere else. I was rather dismayed when I read this letter; for, however pretty a cage might be, it was something for Miss Pole's own self, and not for her parrot, that I had intended to get. Here had I been finding ever so many reasons against her buying a new cap at Johnson's fashion-show, because I thought that the present which Mrs. Gordon was to choose for me in Paris might turn out to be an elegant and fashionable head-dress; a kind of cross between a turban and

a cap, as I see those from Paris mostly are; and now I had to veer round, and advise her to go as fast as she could, and secure Mr. Johnson's cap before any other purchaser snatched it up. But Miss Pole was too sharp for me.

"Why, Mary," said she, "it was only yesterday you were running down that cap like anything. You said, you know, that lilac was too old a color for me, and green too young; and that the mixture was very unbecoming."

"Yes, I know," said I; "but I have thought better of it. I thought about it a great deal last night, and I think—I thought—they would neutralize each other; and the shadows of any color are, you know—something I know—complementary colors." I was not sure of my own meaning, but I had an idea in my head, though I could not express it. She took me up shortly.

"Child, you don't know what you are saying. And besides, I don't want compliments at my time of life. I lay awake, too, thinking of the cap. I only buy one ready-made once a year, and of course it's a matter for consideration; and I came to the conclusion that you were quite right."

"O dear Miss Pole! I was quite wrong; if you only knew—I did think it a very pretty cap—only—"

"Well, do just finish what you've got to say. You're almost as bad as Miss Matty in your way of talking, without being half as good as she is in other ways; though I'm very fond of you, Mary, I don't mean I am not; but you must see you're very off and on, and very muddle-headed. It's the truth, so you will not mind my saying so."

It was just because it did seem like the truth at that time that I did mind her saying so; and, in despair, I thought I would tell her all.

"I did not mean what I said; I don't think lilac too old, or green too young; and I think the mixture very becoming to you; and I think you will never get such a pretty cap again, at least in Cranford." It was fully out, so far, at least.

"Then, Mary Smith, will you tell me what you did mean by speaking as you did, and convincing me against my will, and giving me a bad night?"

"I meant—O Miss Pole, I meant to surprise you with a present from Paris; and I



thought it would be a cap. Mrs. Gordon was to choose it, and Mr. Ludovic to bring it. I dare say it is in England now; only it's not a cap. And I did not want you to buy Johnson's cap, when I thought I was getting another for you."

Miss Pole found this speech "muddle-headed," I have no doubt, though she did not say so, only making an odd noise of perplexity. I went on: "I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to get you a present—something new and pretty. I meant it to be a dress; but I suppose I did not say so; I thought it would be a cap, for Paris is so famous for caps, and it is—"

"You're a good girl, Mary" (I was past thirty, but did not object to being called a girl; and, indeed, I generally felt like a girl at Cranford, where everybody was so much older than I was), "but when you want a thing, say what you want; it is the best way in general. And now I suppose Mrs. Gordon has bought something quite different?—a pair of shoes, I dare say, for people talk a great deal about Paris shoes. Anyhow, I'm just as much obliged to you, Mary, my dear; only you should not go and spend your money on me."

"It was not much money; and it was not a pair of shoes. You'll let me go and get the cap, wont you? It was so pretty—somebody will be sure to snatch it up."

"I don't like getting a cap that's sure to be unbecoming."

"But it is not! it was not! I never saw you look so well in anything!" said I.

"Mary, Mary, remember who is the father of lies!"

"But he's not my father," exclaimed I, in a hurry, for I saw Mrs. FitzAdam go down the street in the direction of Johnson's shop. "I'll eat my words; they were all false: only just let me run down and buy that cap—that pretty cap!"

"Well, run off, child. I liked it myself till you put me out of taste with it."

I brought it back in triumph from under Mrs. FitzAdam's very nose, as she was hanging in meditation over it; and the more we saw of it, the more we felt pleased with our purchase. We turned it on this side, and we turned it on that; and though we hurried it away into Miss Pole's bedroom at the sound of a double knock at the door, when we found it was only Miss Matty and Mr. Peter, Miss

Pole could not resist the opportunity of displaying it, and said, in a solemn way to Miss Matty,—

"Can I speak to you for a few minutes in private?" And I knew feminine delicacy too well to explain what this grave prelude was to lead to, aware how immediately Miss Matty's anxious tremor would be allayed by the sight of the cap. I had to go on talking to Mr. Peter, however, when I would far rather have been in the bedroom, and heard the observations and comments.

We talked of the new cap all day; what gowns it would suit; whether a certain bow was not rather too coquettish for a woman of Miss Pole's age. "No longer young," as she called herself, after a little struggle with the words, though at sixty-five she need not have blushed as if she were telling a falsehood. But at last the cap was put away, and with a wrench we turned our thoughts from the subject. We had been silent for a little while, each at our work with a candle between us when Miss Pole began,—

"It was very kind of you, Mary, to think of giving me a present from Paris,"

"Oh, I was only too glad to be able to get you something! I hope you will like it, though it is not what I expected."

"I am sure I shall like it. And a surprise is always so pleasant."

"Yes; but I think Mrs. Gordon has made a very odd choice."

"I wonder what it is. I don't like to ask, but there's a great deal in anticipation; I remember hearing dear Miss Jenkyns say that 'anticipation was the soul of enjoyment,' or something like that. Now, there is no anticipation in a surprise; that's the worst of it."

"Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Just as you like, my dear. If it is any pleasure to you, I am quite willing to hear."

"Perhaps I had better not. It is something quite different to what I expected, and meant to have got; and I'm not sure if I like it as well."

"Relieve your mind, if you like, Mary. In all disappointments sympathy is a great balm."

"Well, then, it's something not for you; it's for Polly. It's a cage. Mrs. Gordon says they make such pretty ones in Paris."

I could see that Miss Pole's first emotion was disappointment. But she was very fond

of her cockatoo, and the thought of his smartness in his new habitation made her be reconciled in a moment; besides that, she was really grateful to me for having planned a present for her.

"Polly! Well, yes; his old cage is very shabby; he is so continually pecking at it with his sharp bill. I dare say Mrs. Gordon noticed it when she called here last October. I shall always think of you, Mary, when I see him in it. Now we can have him in the drawing-room, for I dare say a French cage will be quite an ornament to the room.

And so we talked on till we worked ourselves up into high delight at the idea of Polly in his new abode, presentable in it even to the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson. The next morning Miss Pole said she had been dreaming of Polly with her new cap on his head, while she herself sat on a perch in the new cage and admired him. Then, as if ashamed of having revealed the fact of imagining "such arrant nonsense" in her sleep, she passed on rapidly to the philosophy of dreams, quoting some book she had lately been reading, which was either too deep in itself, or too confused in her repetition for me to understand it. After breakfast, we had the cap out again; and that in its different aspects occupied us for an hour or so; and then, as it was a fine day, we turned into the garden, where Polly was hung on a nail outside the kitchen window. He clamored and screamed at the sight of his mistress, who went to look for an almond for him. I examined his cage meanwhile, old discolored wicker-work, clumsily made by a Cranford basket-maker. I took out Mrs. Gordon's letter; it was dated the fifteenth, and this was the twentieth, for I had kept it secret for two days in my pocket.

Mr. Ludovic was on the point of setting out for England when she wrote.

"Poor Polly!" said I, as Miss Pole, returning, fed him with the almond.

"Ah! Polly does not know what a pretty cage he is going to have," said she, talking to him as she would have done to a child; and then turning to me, she asked me when I thought it would come? We reckoned up dates, and made out that it might arrive that very day. So she called to her little stupid servant-maiden, Fanny, and bade her go out and buy a great brass-headed nail, very strong—strong enough to bear Polly and the new cage, and we all three weighed the cage in

our hands, and on her return she was to come up into the drawing-room with the nail and a hammer.

Fanny was a long time, as she always was, over her errands; but as soon as she came back, we knocked the nail, with solemn earnestness, into the house-wall, just outside the drawing-room window; for, as Miss Pole observed, when I was not there she had no one to talk to, and as in summer-time she generally sat with the window open, she could combine two purposes, the giving air and sun to Polly-Cockatoo, and the having his agreeable companionship in her solitary hours.

"When it rains, my dear, or even in a very hot sun, I shall take the cage in. I would not have your pretty present spoil for the world. It was very kind of you to think of it; I am quite come round to liking it better than any present of mere dress; and dear Mrs. Gordon has shown all her usual pretty observation in remembering my Polly-Cockatoo."

"Polly-Cockatoo" was his grand name; I had only once or twice heard him spoken of by Miss Pole in this formal manner, except when she was speaking to the servants; then she always gave him his full designation, just as most people call their daughters Miss, in speaking of them to strangers or servants. But since Polly was to have a new cage, and all the way from Paris too, Miss Pole evidently thought it necessary to treat him with unusual respect.

We were obliged to go out to pay some calls; but we left strict orders with Fanny what to do if the cage arrived in our absence, as (we had calculated) it might. Miss Pole stood ready bonnetted and shawled at the kitchen door, I behind her, and cook behind Fanny, each of us listening to the conversation of the other two.

"And, Fanny, mind, if it comes, you coax Polly-Cockatoo nicely into it. He is very particular, and may be attached to his old cage, though it is so shabby. Remember birds have their feelings as much as we have! Don't hurry him in making up his mind."

"Please, ma'am, I think an almond would help him to get over his feelings," said Fanny, dropping a courtesy at every speech, as she had been taught to do at her charity school.

"A very good idea, very. If I have my keys in my pocket I will give you an almond for him. I think he is sure to like the view

up the street from the window ; he likes seeing people, I think."

"It's but a dull look-out into the garden ; nowt but dumb flowers," said cook, touched by this allusion to the cheerfulness of the street, as contrasted with the view from her own kitchen window.

"It's a very good look-out for busy people," said Miss Pole, severely. And then, feeling she was likely to get the worst of it in an encounter with her old servant, she withdrew with meek dignity, being deaf to some sharp reply ; and of course I, being bound to keep order, was deaf too. If the truth must be told, we rather hastened our steps, until we had banged the street-door behind us.

We called on Miss Matty, of course ; and then on Mrs. Hoggins. It seemed as if ill-luck would have it that we went to the only two households of Cranford where there was the encumbrance of a man, and in both places the man was where he ought not to have been ; namely, in his own house, and in the way. Miss Pole—out of civility to me, and because she really was full of the new cage for Polly, and because we all in Cranford relied on the sympathy of our neighbors in the veriest trifle that interested us—told Miss Matty and Mr. Peter, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins ; he was standing in the drawing-room, booted and spurred, and eating his hunk of bread and cheese in the very presence of his aristocratic wife, my lady that was. As Miss Pole said afterwards, if refinement was not to be found in Cranford, blessed as it was with so many scions of county families, she did not know where to meet with it. Bread and cheese in the drawing-room ! Onions next.

But for all Mr. Hoggins's vulgarity, Miss Pole told him of the present she was about to receive.

"Only think ! a new cage for Polly—Polly—Polly-Cockatoo, you know, Mr. Hoggins. You remember him and the bite he gave me once because he wanted to be put back in his cage, pretty bird ?"

"I only hope the new cage will be strong as well as pretty, for I must say a—" He caught a look from his wife, I think, for he stopped short. "Well, we're old friends, Polly and I, and he put some practice in my way once. I shall be up the street this af-

ternoon, and perhaps I shall step in and see this smart Parisian cage."

"Do !" said Miss Pole, eagerly. "Or, if you are in a hurry, look up at my drawing-room window ; if the cage is come, it will be hanging out there, and Polly in it."

We had passed the omnibus that met the train from London some time ago, so we were not surprised as we returned home to see Fanny half out of the window, and cook evidently either helping or hindering her. Then they both took their heads in ; but there was no cage hanging up. We hastened up the steps.

Both Fanny and the cook met us in the passage.

"Please, ma'am," said Fanny, "there's no bottom to the cage, and Polly would fly away."

"And there's no top," exclaimed cook. "He might get out of the top quite easy."

"Let me see," said Miss Pole, brushing past, thinking no doubt that her superior intelligence was all that was needed to set things to rights. On the ground lay a bundle, or a circle of hoops, neatly covered over with calico, no more like a cage for Polly-Cockatoo than I am like a cage. Cook took something up between her finger and thumb, and lifted the unsightly present from Paris. How I wish it had stayed there !—but foolish ambition has brought people to ruin before now ; and my twenty shillings are gone, sure enough, and there must be some use or some ornament intended by the maker of the thing before us.

"Don't you think it's a mousetrap, ma'am ?" asked Fanny, dropping her little courtesy.

For reply, the cook lifted up the machine, and showed how easily mice might run out ; and Fanny shrank back abashed. Cook was evidently set against the new invention, and muttered about its being all of a piece with French things—French cooks, French plums (nasty dried-up things), French rolls (as had no substance in 'em).

Miss Pole's good manners, and desire of making the best of things in my presence, induced her to try and drown cook's mutterings.

"Indeed, I think it will make a very nice cage for Polly-Cockatoo. How pleased he will be to go from one hoop to another, just

like a ladder, and with a board or two at the bottom, and nicely tied up at the top—”

Fanny was struck with a new idea.

“Please, ma’am, my sister-in-law has got an aunt as lives lady’s-maid with Sir John’s daughter—Miss Arley. And they did say as she wore iron petticoats all made of hoops—”

“Nonsense, Fanny!” we all cried; for such a thing had not been heard of in all Drumble, let alone Cranford, and I was rather looked upon in the light of a fast young woman by all the laundresses of Cranford, because I had two corded petticoats.

“Go mind thy business, wench,” said cook, with the utmost contempt; “I’ll warrant we’ll manage th’ cage without thy help.”

“It is near dinner-time, Fanny, and the cloth not laid,” said Miss Pole, hoping the remark might cut two ways; but cook had no notion of going. She stood on the bottom step of the stairs, holding the Paris perplexity aloft in the air.

“It might do for a meat-safe,” said she. “Cover it o’er wi’ canvas, to keep the flies out. It is a good framework, I reckon, anyhow!” She held her head on one side, like a connoisseur in meat-safes, as she was.

Miss Pole said, “Are you sure Mrs. Gordon called it a cage, Mary? Because she is a woman of her word, and would not have called it so if it was not.”

“Look here; I have the letter in my pocket.”

“I have wondered how I could best fulfil your commission for me to purchase something to the value of—um, um, never mind—‘fashionable and pretty for dear Miss Pole, and at length I have decided upon one of the new kind of “cages”’ (look here, Miss Pole; here is the word, C. A. G. E.), ‘which are made so much lighter and more elegant in Paris than in England. Indeed, I am not sure if they have ever reached you, for it is not a month since I saw the first of the kind in Paris.’”

“Does she say anything about Polly-Cockatoo?” asked Miss Pole. “That would settle the matter at once, as showing that she had him in her mind.”

“No—nothing.”

Just then Fanny came along the passage with the tray full of dinner-things in her hands. When she had put them down, she

stood at the door of the dining-room taking a distant view of the article. “Please, ma’am, it looks like a petticoat without any stuff in it; indeed it does, if I’m to be whipped for saying it.”

But she only drew down upon herself a fresh objurcation from the cook; and sorry and annoyed, I seized the opportunity of taking the thing out of cook’s hand, and carrying it up-stairs, for it was full time to get ready for dinner. But we had very little appetite for our meal, and kept constantly making suggestions, one to the other, as to the nature and purpose of this Paris “cage,” but as constantly snubbing poor little Fanny’s reiteration of “Please, ma’am, I do believe it’s a kind of petticoat—indeed I do.” At length Miss Pole turned upon her with almost as much vehemence as cook had done, only in choicer language.

“Don’t be silly, Fanny. Do you think ladies are like children, and must be put in go-carts; or need wire guards like fires to surround them; or can get warmth out of bits of whalebone and steel; a likely thing indeed! Don’t keep talking about what you don’t understand.”

So our maiden was mute for the rest of the meal. After dinner we had Polly brought up-stairs in her old cage, and I held out the new one, and we turned it about in every way. At length Miss Pole said,—

“Put Polly-Cockatoo back, and shut him up in his cage. You hold this French thing up” (alas! that my present should be called a “thing”), “and I’ll sew a bottom on to it. I’ll lay a good deal, they’ve forgotten to sew in the bottom before sending it off.” So I held and she sewed; and then she held and I sewed, till it was all done. Just as we had put Polly-Cockatoo in, and were closing up the top with a pretty piece of old yellow ribbon,—and, indeed, it was not a bad-looking cage after all our trouble,—Mr. Hoggins came up-stairs, having been seen by Fanny before he had time to knock at the door.

“Hallo!” said he, almost tumbling over us, as we were sitting on the floor at our work. “What’s this?”

“It’s this pretty present for Polly-Cockatoo,” said Miss Pole, raising herself up with as much dignity as she could, “that Mary has had sent from Paris for me.” Miss Pole was in great spirits now we had got Polly in; I can’t say that I was.



Mr. Hoggins began to laugh in his boisterous, vulgar way.

"For Polly—ha! ha! It's meant for you, Miss Pole—ha! ha! It's a new invention to hold your gowns out—ha! ha!"

"Mr. Hoggins! you may be a surgeon, and a very clever one, but nothing—not even your profession—gives you a right to be indecent!"

Miss Pole was thoroughly roused, and I trembled in my shoes. But Mr. Hoggins only laughed the more. Polly screamed in concert, but Miss Pole stood in stiff, rigid propriety, very red in the face.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pole, I am sure. But I'm pretty certain I am right. It's no indecency that I can see; my wife and Mrs. FitzAdam take in a Paris fashion-book between 'em, and I can't help seeing the plates of fashions sometimes—ha! ha! ha! Look, Polly has got out of his queer prison—ha! ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Peter came in; Miss Matty was so curious to know if the expected present had arrived. Mr. Hoggins took him by the arm, and pointed to the poor thing lying on the ground, but could not explain for laughing. Miss Pole said,—

"Although I am not accustomed to give an explanation of my conduct to gentlemen, yet, being insulted in my own house by—by Mr. Hoggins, I must appeal to the brother

of my old friend—my very oldest friend. Is this article a lady's petticoat, or a bird's cage?"

She held it up as she made this solemn inquiry. Mr. Hoggins seized the moment to leave the room, in shame, as I supposed, but, in reality, to fetch his wife's fashion-book; before I had completed the narration of the story of my unlucky commission, he returned, and holding the fashion-plate open by the side of the extended article, demonstrated the identity of the two.

But Mr. Peter had always a smooth way of turning off anger, by either his fun or a compliment. "It is a cage," said he, bowing to Miss Pole; "but it is a cage for an angel, instead of a bird! Come along, Hoggins; I want to speak to you!"

And, with an apology, he took the offending and victorious surgeon out of Miss Pole's presence. For a good while we said nothing; and we were now rather shy of little Fanny's superior wisdom when she brought up tea. But towards night our spirits revived, and we were quite ourselves again, when Miss Pole proposed that we should cut up the pieces of steel or whalebone—which, to do them justice, were very elastic—and make ourselves two good comfortable English calashes out of them with the aid of a piece of dyed silk which Miss Pole had by her.

**THE DOUBLE-SCREW PROPELLOR.**—It has been said with truth and humor that at the present day Aristotle is to be consulted for new discoveries; and many of our engineering novelties may be found in old authorities, though of later date than the writings of the Stagyrte. Recently, says a London paper, the chief engineer of her majesty's dockyard at Portsmouth constructed a steam-launch, in order to test the applicability of the system of twin or double-screw propellers driven by independent engines for our men-of-war. This had already been accomplished in 1851 by Mr. George Rennie, with Carpenter's double screws; but a correspondent of the *Times* thus traces the invention a century earlier:—

"So long ago as 1752, D. Bernouilli, proposed to use screw-propellers at the bows, sides, and stern of a ship, and to drive them by a steam-engine. A sketch of this early suggestion is given in the "*Annales des Arts et Manufactures*," tome

50, p. 329. In 1775 Kraft noticed this invention in a memoir at St. Petersburg, and two years afterwards we find it mentioned in the *Monthly Review*, vol. 56, p. 525. As usual the idea was frequently reproduced or copied by other inventors; but even a century ago it included provisions for raising screws out of water when out of use."

GEORGE ELIOT's novels have been translated into French by M. d'Albert Durade at Basle—"Adam Bede," in two volumes; "La Famille Tulliver, ou Le Moulin sur la Floss," in two volumes; and "Silas Marner, le Tisserand de Rav-elac," in one. "Romola," by G. Eliot, is now added to the Tauchnitz series of English reprints; and "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Miles Standish" form the third volume of Tauchnitz's authorized edition of "Longfellow's Poetical Works."



From Bentley's Miscellany.  
IMPERFECT CRIMINALS.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

*Quam propè ad crimen eine crimine?* How nearly may a man approach to guilt, without being guilty? was a favorite topic or vexed question when Casuistry flourished.

One of Mr. Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales is concerned with "a venerable gentleman, one Mr. Smith," whose silver hair is the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature,—whose solitude is one night broken, allegorically, by the entrance of fancy with a show-box, wherein he is made to see himself committing sins which may have been meditated by him, but never were embodied in act. Not a shadow of proof, it seems, could have been adduced, in any earthly court, that he was guilty of the slightest of those sins which were thus made to stare him in the face. "And could such beings of cloudy fantasy, so near akin to nothingness, give valid evidence against him at the day of judgment?" Such is the query propounded, such the problem discussed, such the grave question vexed, in the *fantasiestück* entitled, *FANCY'S SHOW-BOX: A MORALITY*.

For, to meditative souls in general, and to curiously speculative Mr. Hawthorne in particular, it is, as he says at starting, a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract guilty stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which have never come into outward and actual existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? It is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clenches its gripe upon the guilty heart, and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, our author argues, "sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand-fold more virulent by its self-consciousness."

"Be it considered, also, that men over-estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are dimly seen, they can bear to contemplate it. They may take the steps which lead to crime, impelled by the same sort of moral action as in

working out a mathematical problem, yet be powerless with compunction, at the final moment. They knew not what deed it was that they deemed themselves resolved to do. In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled and full resolve, either for good or for evil, except at the very moment of execution."

Mr. Hawthorne would hope, therefore, in conclusion, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

There is another story\* in the same volume which tells how two villains were just about, for plunder's sake, to stab to the heart a traveller sleeping by the wayside, when interrupted by approaching footsteps. Hereupon each ruffian quietly takes a dram on the spot, and together they depart, *rê infectâ*, "with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing." In a few hours, it is added, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. (But does this square with the writer's previous conclusion?)

The recording angel's book-keeping is altogether divergent from that of clerks of sessions and criminal courts. It is not theft, as lawyers advise us, to determine to steal a purse, nor to follow the man who carries it for the purpose of stealing it, nor to stretch out the hand for the purpose of taking it, nor even to lay hold of it with the same intention. The definition is not satisfied—we quote an essayist on the Morality of Advocacy—"till the purse is actually removed from its place; but as soon as that is done, the crime is complete, whatever may have been the temptation, however rapidly repentance, and even confession and restitution, may follow. The servant who sees a halfpenny lying about, takes it into her hand with the intention of stealing, and immediately changes her mind and puts it back, is a thief. A professional criminal, who has planned a robbery for weeks together, who has gone out with the full intention of committing it, and who runs away at the last moment because he sees a policeman coming, has committed no crime at all." This injustice, if so it must be called, at any rate this ethical anomaly, is inevitable here

\* "David Swan."

below. But they manage these things differently in another place.

*Le mal qui ne se fait pas*, observes M. Desiré Nisard, "n'est eu que de celui qui seul connaît le nombre des bons et des méchants et qui pèse les sociétés et les siècles."\*

"For though in law, to murder be to kill,  
In equity the murder's in the will."†

The ancients frequently touched on this subject of a guilty will. It is the *animus*, and not the act, that constitutes the crime, says Juvenal:—

—"Scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum  
Facti crimen habet."

Seneca teaches that he who is about to commit an injury, has committed it already: *injuriæ qui facturus est jam fecit*. So Keats, in an admired passage,‡ speaks of the "two brothers and their murdered man," meaning the man they were taking away with them, for the purpose of murdering him.

Benvenuto Cellini relates, in his autobiography, how he had formed a resolution, in case he could meet with that malicious fellow, Bandinello, one of the blackest (painted) of Ben's many black beasts, "to fall upon him, and punish his insolence" without quarter. One evening, just as Cellini arrived at the square of St. Domenico, in Florence, Bandinello entered it on the other side—as Ben knew to be Ben's nightly wont. Whereupon, writes Ben, "I came up to him with a full resolution to do a bloody piece of work upon the spot. I looked up, and saw him upon a little mule, which appeared no bigger than an ass, and he had with him a boy about ten years of age. As soon as he perceived me, he turned as pale as death, and trembled all over; I, who knew what a cowardly wretch he was, cried out to him, 'Fear nothing, vile poltroon! I do not think you are worth striking.' He gave me a look of the most abject pusillanimity, and returned no answer.

"I thereupon resumed just and virtuous sentiments, and returned thanks to the Almighty for preventing me from perpetrating the rash action I intended. Being in this manner delivered from the diabolical frenzy by which I had been agitated, I recovered my spirits," etc.§

\* "Etudes d'Histoire," p. 259.

† Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.

‡ "Isabella: or, the Pot of Basil."

§ "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," book iv. ch. iv.

*Ben* (italicè) it was for Ben that he stopped just in time, and that Ban became not his ban—in the shape of a life-long remorse (if at least Ben was capable of that sort of feeling).

—"Oh yet,  
Thank Heaven that you have not quite bartered  
regret  
For remorse, nor the sad self-redemptions of grief  
For a self-retribution beyond all relief!"\*

Possibly the author of these lines was not unmindful, as he wrote them, of a near relation's picture of "nobler bliss still" than the sudden relief of pain—the rapture of the conscience, namely, at the sudden release from a guilty thought. We refer to Harley L'Estrange, when "the sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision." He had meditated foul wrong towards his oldest friend. And thus already had he been apostrophized on the eve of its meditated accomplishment: "But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if to-morrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished! . . . Wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain?"†

So again Adam Smith moralizes on the ease of a man who, having resolved, and perhaps taken measures to perpetrate some crime, has fortunately been prevented by an accident which put it out of his power—such a man being "sure, if he has any remains of conscience, to regard this event all his life after as a great and signal deliverance." He can never think of it, our philosopher goes on to say, without returning thanks to Heaven for saving him from actual guilt, and therefore from life-long horror and remorse: but though his hands are innocent, he is conscious that his heart is equally guilty as if he had executed his resolve. Still, it gives, practically, great ease to his conscience, to consider that the crime was *not* executed, though he knows that the failure arose from no virtue in him. "To remember how much he was resolved upon it, has no other effect than to make him regard his escape as the greater and more miraculous: for he still fancies that he has escaped, and he looks back upon the danger to which his peace of mind was exposed, with that terror, with which one who

\* Owen Meredith, "Lucile."

† "My Novel," book xii. chapters xxviii. and xxxi.

is in safety may sometimes remember the hazard he was in of falling over a precipice, and shudder with terror at the thought." \*  
For, by one stroke and

—"In one moment, we may plunge our years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,  
And color things to come with hues of Night." †

Shakspeare had thought deeply, and has touched repeatedly, on this general subject. The distinction broadly drawn by human judgments between a guilty design and a guilty deed, he illustrates in Bolingbroke's answer to Aumale when the latter rushes in and implores pardon beforehand for a yet unavowed crime:—

"*Bol.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love I pardon thee." ‡

To which a parallel passage might be quoted in Isabella's plea for the life of Angelo:—

"Let him not die: My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,  
*His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
Intent but merely thoughts.*" §

Suffolk less charitably pleads, a special pleader, against the spirit of leniency such as this, where he supposes the case of one

"Who being accused a crafty murderer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
Because his purpose is not executed." ¶

It is too truly objected by English critics, that a French dramatist's notion of virtue would seem to resolve itself into the conception, in the first instance, of some base design against the honor of a friend, or the chastity of a woman, and a valiant conquest of the meditated villany at the last moment. His hero must sin greatly in thought, before he can prevail upon himself to exhibit a little virtuous instinct in act. His example is that of loose and vagrant passions checked on the eve of consummation by an impulse. "In England, we place the morality of the stage on a different basis. We do not dramatize mental violations of the Decalogue, and take

credit to ourselves for the non-commission of crimes which we hold it to be demoralizing even to contemplate." We do not sit in the playhouse "merely for the satisfaction of seeing an *imperfect criminal* retreat from his purpose in the end." \*

"When with a sudden revulsion his heart recoils  
from its purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more  
is destruction." †

Let us hope that the French conception of virtue, as thus delineated, may not take root downward and bear fruit upward, on English soil; and that few censors of our press may have to say of native fiction what a discerning judge ‡ said of a novel entitled "Creeds," that the author's definition of innocence, so far as it could be made out, is, to be ready and willing to do wicked things, but not yet to have done them.

True, most true, that between the crime designed, and the crime committed, there is a great gulf fixed—by the *communis sensus* of practical ethics. When Cénone reasons with Phèdre,—

"Quel crime a pu produire un trouble si pressant?  
Vos mains n'ont point trempé dans le sang innocent?"

the wo-begone queen replies,—

"Grâces au ciel, mes mains ne sont point criminelles."

But for all that, in her case, it is due alike to rhyme and reason to add,—

"Plût aux dieux que mon cœur fut innocent  
comme elles!" §

But it is something, it is much, that besides her self-reproachful *Plût aux dieux!* she can vent, as regards criminal action, an earnest *Grâces au ciel!* She has not crossed the gulf, which, deep as it may be, it takes but one step to cross. She has not come to the pass of the accomplished criminal, who, in virtue or by vice of his accomplished fact, must fall into the strain of guilty Hesperus, and say,—

"Wickedness,  
How easy is thy lesson! Now I stand  
Up to the throat in blood; from Mercy's records

\* Adam Smith, "Theory of Moral Sentiments," part ii. sec. iii.

† "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto iii.

‡ "King Richard II.," Act V. Sc. 3.

§ "Measure for Measure," Act V. Sc. 1.

¶ "King Henry VI.," Part II. Act III. Sc. 1.

\* Westminster Review, New Series, V. 96. Art. : "The English Stage."

† Longfellow, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

‡ In Bentley's Quarterly Review, II. 463.

§ Racine, "Phèdre," I. 3.

For evermore my guilty name is razed.  
But yesterday, oh, blessed yesterday,  
I was a man;  
And now—I start amazed at myself.”\*

It is a remark of Mr. Disraeli's, that the pursuit of gaming, oftener than any other, leads men to self-knowledge. Appalled, he argues by the absolute destruction on the verge of which the gamester finds his early youth just stepping; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thralldom, and with a ruined fortune and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, and his conscience clear † from those dark stains which Phèdre deprecated, from that one “damned spot,” of which all the perfumes of Arabia could not cleanse Lady Macbeth's little hand.

It is Horace's teaching, in one of his seriously reflective moods, that not Heaven itself can annihilate or undo a deed done—*non tamen irritum Quodcumque retro est, efficiet*:—

—“neque  
Diffinget, infectumque reddet  
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.” ‡

“Oh, the fierce sense  
Of hopelessness! *The fault is done!* No keen  
Remorse, no holy law of penitence,  
Not God himself *can make it not have been*;  
Though angels whisper peace, that thought comes  
in between.” §

Premeditation, writes Mr. Carlyle, is not performance, is not surety of performance; it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whose wills perform. From the purpose of crime, he adds, to the act of crime, there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. “The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer; nay, his whole nature staggering at such a consummation, is there not a confused pause rather—one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of light trifles || whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is

\* Beddoes, “The Bride's Tragedy,” Act IV. Sc. 1.

† See “The Young Duke,” book iv. ch. vi.

‡ Hor. Carm., III. 29.

§ Chauncy Hare Townsend, “The Mystery of Evil.”

|| So Longfellow, in the context of a passage already cited:—

“Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall  
adamantine.” —Miles Standish, sec. v.

it, and will for Eternity be it;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, *Wo, wo on him!*”\*

We may apply in this stern, solemn sense, what Oswald says in Wordsworth's tragedy:

“Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
*The motion of a muscle—this way or that—*  
*'Tis done*, and in the after-vacancy  
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,  
And shares the nature of infinity.” †

But this same Oswald is a daring sophist; and in his sneering disdain of compunctious visitings on the part of the man he is tempting to crime, he thus touches on the contingencies of criminal action—

“What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,  
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been  
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.” ‡

This consideration of contingencies, this question of to be or not to be, is forcibly illustrated in Schiller's *Wallenstein's Tod*. In the first act of that tragedy, Wallenstein soliloquizes in this strain of quasi-fatalism; *Can* he no longer what he *would*? no longer draw back at his liking? he must *do* the deed because he *thought* of it?

“By the great God of Heaven! it was not  
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.  
I but amused myself with thinking of it.”

Again and again he pauses, and remains in deep thought. Anon comes the reflection:—

“My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom;  
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner  
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,  
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs  
Forever to those ealy, malicious powers  
Whom never art of man conciliated.”

And the scene of agitated hesitancy closes with the moody man's self-gratulation on his conscience being, thus far, free from crime:—

“Yet it is pure—as yet!—the crime has come  
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slander is  
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.” §

Happier he that can put himself in Hubert's case, and honestly affirm—

\* “Carlyle's History of the French Revolution,” part iii. book i. ch. iv.

† “The Borderers.” A Tragedy. Act III.

‡ Ibid., Sc. 6.

§ “The Death of Wallenstein,” Coleridge's translation, Act I., Sc. 4, *passim*.



—“This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,—  
Not painted with the crimson drops of blood.  
Within this bosom never entered yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought.”\*

A happiness only to be rated aright, perhaps, by an actual “murderer,” like the nameless one from whom Shakespeare wrings the most natural, most unavailing cry,—

“Oh, that it were to do!—What have we done?”†

Well it is for all of us that we cannot discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, one in another—cannot detect the almost culprit, the imperfect criminal, under the fair outside of the seemingly perfect gentleman. There is a poem of Barry Cornwall’s devoted to what some might consider a morbid analysis of a friend’s “Interior” (that is the name of the piece), in which the person addressed, hitherto reckoned the “flower of jolly, gamesome, rosy friends,” is bid

“Unloose your heart, and let me see  
What’s hid within that ruby round.”

The result of the revelation is, that here “our ill-paired union ends.” At least, the intimacy is destroyed. The fellowship is, on second thoughts, allowed to continue—on slacker terms, indeed, and by a frailer tenure; but still a recognized existence, such as it may be.

\* “King John,” Act IV., Sc. 2.

† “King Henry VI.,” Part II. Act. III. Sc. 2.

“No!—let’s jog on, from morn to night;  
Less close than we were wont, indeed;  
Why should I hate, because I read  
The spots kept secret from my sight,  
And force some unborn sins to light?”\*

Owen Meredith,—if that now transparent pseudonym is still to be used,—in the opening soliloquy of his Clytemnestra, makes the guilty queen—guilty in thought, and not as yet in deed—meditate on the compunctious visitings that perturb her bosom, and ask herself the reason of all this incurable unrest. Wherefore to her—to her, of all mankind, *this retribution for a deed undone?*

“For many men outlive their sum of crimes,  
And eat, and drink, and lift up thankful hands,  
And take their rest securely in the dark.  
Am I not innocent—or more than these?  
There is no blot of murder on my brow,  
Nor any taint of blood upon my robe.  
—It is the thought! it is the thought! . . . and  
men  
Judge us by act! . . . as tho’ one thunder-clap  
Let all Olympus out.”†

In fine, the gist of her wistful self-questioning is, why should she, an imperfect criminal, be tortured with remorse as for a perfected crime?

But it comes across her, in an after-stage of her progress towards accomplished guilt, that—

“Surely, sometimes the unseen Eumenides  
Do prompt our musing moods with wicked hints,  
And lash us for our crimes ere we commit them.”

\* B. W. Proctor, “Dramatic Scenes,” etc., p. 317.

† “Clytemnestra” (1855), p. 2.

THE FUR TRADE OF THE NORTH-WEST.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Press has a long review of the fur trade of the north-west, for the season just closed, from which we clip the following statement of the business of St. Paul, which is claimed to be the largest fur market in the country: “On looking at the books of our dealers, we find that 3,500 bison or buffaloes have fallen victims to the arrow or the bullet on our north-western prairies, to supply civilized man with robes to keep him warm while riding in the winter. These robes will always be a standard article for such purposes. They cost about seven dollars raw. An equal number of wolves—which fact one hears with pleasure—have also bit the dust to supply our fair countrywomen with elegant sleigh-robes, worth \$2 each, to keep out the biting air while gliding over the snows of our northern winters. The bruin family bewails the loss of 850 ursine members. These skins, costing from \$10 to \$20, are also used for sleigh covers, and for military purposes, as are also 1,650 skins of the red fox, worth about \$2.50. The mink, now mercilessly

pursued, since his pelt is worth from \$3.50 to \$5, contributes 28,000 skins towards those elegant mantles and cloaks that every lady so covets. The muskrat species are prolific, and has given us fully 250,000 skins, worth thirty to thirty-two cents each.

“Of the more rare and costly furs 2,258 otters have been captured from their lacustrine retreats, and will soon do duty in the shape of gloves, etc., at \$6 to \$7 per pelt, and 640 ‘fishers’ have been trapped, yielding the fortunate hunter \$8 to \$10 each. The marten family, one much prized, lost 1,600 members, enriching the trapper at the rate of \$5 to \$10 each. Of the cross fox, a very scarce and rare animal only seventy-nine have been caught. Good specimens bring \$20. During the winter a trapper brought in, among a lot of peltries, two skins which, as nothing had ever been seen here like them before, were called the blue fox. They seem to be a hybrid between the cross and the silver fox. No one knew their value, and they were sold at \$2 each. The skins brought \$25 each in New York.”



From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *Jeremias Gotthelf's gesammelte Schriften.* Heraus gegeben Von Julius Springer, 24 Bde.
2. *Albert Bitziu's (Jeremias Gotthelf) Sein Leben und Seine Schriften.* Dargestellt Von Dr. C. Manuel.

In this locomotive age every one has been in Switzerland. We have all shivered on the Rhigi, waiting for the sun, which (somewhat rudely) declined to rise; have explored Mont Blanc as far as our nerves would allow; have missed steamboats, paid enormous hotel bills, and, in short, done the grand tour. Delightful as all the reminiscences may be, the impressions we received were mostly superficial and transient. We enjoyed ourselves with the utmost selfishness, unconcerned as to whether the country belonged to Mr. Lincoln or the Khan of Tartary. Its population, to us, consisted entirely of landlords, waiters, and postilions, with an occasional "peasant," who persisted obstinately in speaking a language of his own, and therefore did not come within our pale of civilization. All visible literature was comprised in newspapers, and in time-tables of railroads and steamboats. We so persistently ignored the undercurrent of thought and life circulating around us, that we have since felt qualified to deal with it, and have been positively hurt that no friend should have urged us to publish our journal.

Since those days we have become somewhat more familiar with this undercurrent of literature and of domestic life. It is by no means a rich literature. The author by profession is a species almost unknown in Switzerland. Works of fiction are especially rare. The real earnest life of the little free towns is too prosaic in its tone, too practical in its working, to give encouragement to any writing not connected with science or with law. Of the town of Berne this is especially true. About a century ago, there was a feeble striving of literary life in Zurich, fanned into a tremulous flame by the paper-knife warfare of Gottsched and other critics. After them came Pestalozzi, writing for one definite object, without literary aspiration. Even the well-known Zschokke, so popular and fertile as a writer, was not one by profession, but directed his main energies to active practical affairs. It is only occasionally, after some revolution, that we encounter a

young author, like a wounded bird of passage dropped on some inhospitable waste.

We have placed at the head of this article the name of a man whose works fill twenty-four volumes, and who, nevertheless, was not an author by profession. The real life work of Jeremias Gotthelf was done in the little church of Lützelflüh, and in the quiet homes scattered among the countless Bernese valleys. Deep down below the village ran the treacherous Emme, to-day a gentle stream, toying idly with the overhanging branches, and murmuring softly to the unheeding rocks; to-morrow rushing on a relentless torrent, destroying the peasant's crops and the poor widow's garden; while far in the distance rose the peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Oberland. To the sentimental tourist these valleys and cottages appear idyllic homes of joy and peace. What can these simple people know of such sufferings and wrongs, such weariness and worry, as we find accumulate in our nineteenth century London life? Surely, here is a haven of rest!

Mr. Gotthelf will answer this question for us, for he lived among them in the highest sense of the word. He entered into all that they felt or suffered, and was equally ready to give tender sympathy or practical advice. Himself a Bernese, he shared their sturdy, active, impulsive, and somewhat obstinate nature. To the sorrow that was inevitable he taught the most childlike submission; but such sufferings as result from bad government, or bad passions, roused his utmost indignation. That these sufferings abounded is proved not only by the tenor of his writings, but by the fact that he wrote at all. In a letter to a friend, he describes himself as brooding over social grievances, feeling hampered, constrained, helpless—until, overpowered by an irresistible impulse, his yearning soul burst forth in a torrent of utterance. Had he really lived in an idyllic paradise, or even taken a horse exercise every day, he might never have written a book! Having once broken forth, however, this stream made a way for itself, became clearer and calmer, leaving rocks and mud behind, until it watered fair, busy fields, and reflected in its quiet surface the glory of the heavens.

Gotthelf's writings are the utterance of the earnest life within and around him. He entered into the great mountain temple of

nature, following within the veil such great high-priests as Wordsworth and Novalis. He is a true poet when he tells us in hushed voice of the hill-side storm, the relentless avalanche, the devastating torrent; or leads us rejoicing through the jubilant spring woods and grateful autumn fields. But his deepest interest lay in the human life which surrounded him, which spoke to his heart daily in dirge or psalm. This life he has photographed in his books. As with photographs generally, while perfect in detail, there is about many of them an excess of shadow. Others again might remind us of Mr. Brett's painting of the Val D'Aosta, clear, bright, accurate, with infinite detail, harmonized by one pervading thought. In one particular, however, this comparison could hardly be carried out. There is a glow of heart in all Gotthelf's scenes for which we vainly look in that imperturbable canvas.

Gotthelf's first book was the "Pleasant-Mirror," which appeared in 1836. The hero of it was called Jeremias Gotthelf, and the name was soon transferred to the anonymous author, whose popularity made it quite a household word. In this, as in most of his stories, there is no effort after dramatic interest, no intricate plot and grand climax. It is not the end, but the way to it, which is, in his view, of highest importance. The flowers and stones by the roadside have all their lessons of use or of beauty. The hero of the simple history is, as his name betrays, not one of the fortunate of the earth, but an oppressed, struggling man, in a melancholy, angry mood toward men and things, yet, with God's help, making his way upward. Into this book are introduced briefly the various social grievances against which Gotthelf bravely broke many a lance in his later works. The relations between the peasant and his laborers, the deplorable condition of the whole system of national education, the immorality and intemperance common among the lower orders of country people, were all crying evils which no one else had the disposition or the courage to attack. The book, as might be anticipated, raised a storm of criticism. Its audacity alone was irritating, but its satire was felt to be still more galling. The writer was accused of pulling down without building up again, of probing the wound but applying

no remedy. To one critic he thus characteristically replies:—

"Jeremias Gotthelf saw untilled fields ploughed, hoed, and sown. They looked for the time smooth and fair. All that was needful seemed to have been done at one stroke. But the original wildness was only covered over, and re-appeared in all directions; so that the soil was of no use for the best produce. Then he saw in August a harrow pass over the rough clods. It crossed it as though in play, lifted up the clods, and turned them over with all the roots toward the sky. Then the ploughman went home and left the field. People who passed by were angry at the rough look of the uncovered, upturned roots, which remained so through the autumn and winter, while all the other fields were green and smooth. But in the spring came the man again with another plough, tore up the earth again, and began to plant. The uncovered roots could not bear the heat and the cold, but gradually died; and when the operation had been two or three times repeated, the field was tilled and fit to bear the noblest fruit in its purified soil."

The "Pleasant-Mirror" has been compared to "Gil Blas," as representing with the same skill and fidelity a very different phase of human life. With this difference, too, in the representation, that Le Sage, as a man of the world, while scourging with his satire all the frailties and sins of humanity, still accepts them as matters of course, as inevitable evils; whereas through Gotthelf's work runs a deep undertone of sorrow and righteous anger and determination to amend.

Shortly after the publication of this book a hurricane overwhelmed the valley of the Emme. The little river overflowed its banks, causing great disaster and distress. Gotthelf gave an account of this event in a little book called "Das Wassernoth in Emmenthan." Unpretending in its simplicity, it is full of quiet grandeur, both in its descriptions and in its lessons.

In 1838 appeared "The Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster." Some seven or eight years before, great efforts toward reformation had been made in the upper schools; but among the lower ones little improvement had been attained beyond building a few new schoolhouses. These necessary reforms were like all others, attended with many difficul-

ties, some of which are well interwoven with the story of the unfortunate Kaser. For example, the masters were, many of them, not at all abreast of the new demands made upon them; yet how could they be suddenly displaced without great harshness and injustice? On the other hand, if they were too timid to disturb the existing order of things, how was reform to proceed? Gotthelf's aim in the book, therefore, was chiefly to put a shoulder to this wheel, and help forward the great work. He points out courageously the evil of the government authority which kept the schoolmaster down on a starvation salary only to have him more thoroughly in its power, and the correlative evil of the schoolmaster keeping the education of the village down at the lowest point, in order that his office may be magnified, and the whole village become pecuniarily dependent upon the only man beside the pastor who could write a letter or cast up an account. At the same time he hangs out his red flag over the popular fallacy that all reform or improvement is to be achieved for them and not by them; is to be done by government as independently of their individual effort as the tailoring of a regiment. Gotthelf will hear of no man's sitting with folded arms and open mouth until the roasted pigeons fly into it. Individual effort and responsibility is one of his strongholds; there he often takes his stand, preaching "Work, work," as the salt of the earth. The outline of the story is simple, the incidents few; and yet the interest never slackens, unless perhaps in the case of a sensation novel reader.

Peter Kaser was the son of a poor weaver. There were eight children, and the great object of the parents was to turn each one to the best possible account. In this, however, they were not very successful, inasmuch as they were by no means trained to industrious habits. The parents felt the children to be a great burden, which the love in their hearts was not strong enough to lighten. Their existence could only be tolerated if they were able to earn. In such an atmosphere of heartlessness and selfishness Peter grew up. He was a favorite with his father; and therefore the mother and sisters joined in small manifestations of jealousy and spite on all possible occasions. He was kept close to his weaving, and all his earnings went into the common purse. When at last another son

came, and his father's affection became somewhat diverted, his mother and sisters were triumphant, and his position henceforth was intolerable. His only friend in the world was the village schoolmaster. The description of this school and schoolmaster belongs to forty years ago, so let us hope it is veritably one of the past. Here it is:—

"He was ugly, and almost repulsively unclean. He was fond of brandy as well as of snuff, and he drank as often during school-hours as not. His pay was small, and to increase it he did carpenter's work, and in the winter the schoolroom was his workshop. He was considered a wonderfully clever man, for he could measure hay for the peasants, and even write letters and testimonials. About his schoolkeeping there was not much to be said. In the mornings the children learned what they were to repeat. (Repeating meant reading and spelling, as well as what they learned by heart.) Then the repetition by rote began, and if it did not last too long, there was a little reading after it. In the afternoon they began with reading, after which a few could write or cipher, but the greater part kept on with their books. But even this amount of teaching was burdensome to the master, and he did as little as possible; so he had always one or two adjutants, to whom he confided his sceptre, the rod. It was generally the rich ones to whom he thus gave the opportunity to practise the art of bullying and torturing subordinates. There was no order in the school, but blows enough on all sides. There was no respect; and that boy was thought greatest who could play the most tricks, and make the most fun of the schoolmaster. The great delight, however, was when, as frequently happened, he fell asleep in the afternoon. As soon as the boys saw sleep coming over him, the ordinary noise was stilled, and they became quiet as mice. When he was supposed to be sound asleep, a book was dropped or a ruler struck on the table to make quite sure. He seldom roused. Then a council of war was held, as to what should be done. They were not often long at a loss. They would tie him with string to the legs of the stove, smear his face with ink, stuff his nose with paper, fasten his hair to the stove with cobbler's wax, and so on. When finished, all crept away but one, who stayed near a window to watch results. When his wife heard the children go away, and the master did not come, she went to look for him and rouse him by no gentle means, apostrophizing him with a variety of expletives. The schoolmaster never inquired for the criminals, but the next morning used the rod with spe-





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cial energy. Custom, however, had made them indifferent to the visitation."—P. 50.

Peter had considerably distanced the other boys. He was diligent, and used to repeat his lessons over to himself whilst weaving. It was his great ambition to be able sometimes to take the master's place, and hear the other boys repeat. He was a great favorite with the master, but, nevertheless, could not be trusted with so responsible a post until he had learned all the boys' lessons by heart, and could read a book upside down. These accomplishments he at length mastered, and so is entrusted with the ruler of office. Finding his home life intolerable, he holds a consultation with his old friend, into whose mind darts a sudden inspiration, prompting him to exclaim, "Peter, you must be a schoolmaster." So he finds for Peter an engagement as assistant-teacher during the winter months, for which he is to receive board and lodging, and the extravagant sum of thirty shillings. The schoolmaster and his wife do not prove to be pleasant people, and poor Peter's reflections before going to sleep the first night is, "Ah! it is much easier to live with unkind parents in your own home than with unkind strangers in a strange village." Nothing Peter did gave satisfaction, and the children soon found out the discord at headquarters. When the winter was over Peter was heartily glad to pocket his money, and say "Good-by." Ten thalers—what would they not buy, and what a luxury to be always able to wear his shirt the right side outwards! Before, however, our hero could be an approved candidate even for the post of schoolmaster, it was necessary that he should pass an examination. He approached this ordeal without trepidation, and acquitted himself as follows:—

"My reading was loud and beautiful, the vowels and final syllables I pronounced with special emphasis, as though they were accented. The examiners were particularly pleased with this, and continued smiling the whole time. The catechizing out of the question-book also went on well. Then the children's Bible was brought out, and each one had to explain a story. My old friend had told me to be sure to get possession of the top seat, since the gentlemen almost always gave the school to whoever sat in it. I had taken it, and had to pay for it. I was to explain the fortieth history in the Old Testament. I began with the question, 'Who

were Adam and Eve?' My schoolmaster had told me they were the main origin of everything, and by beginning with them one could always go on best and furthest. But the School Commissioner interrupted me—a thing, by the way, which I considered extremely ill-mannered, because, in an examination, especially, every one has to do the best he can. So he interrupted me, and said, I was to keep to the subject: if we were to begin everything with Adam and Eve we should have to pray for another Joshua to make the sun stand still. As all laughed at this witticism, and my thread was broken off, I stood there in blank confusion, with nothing more to say. 'Now,' said the commissioner, 'you can construe, at any rate; that is the main thing in an explanation: if a man has once construed a sentence, there can be no doubt about his understanding it.' There I sat, and with wide-open mouth gazed at the commissioner like a sheep, for I had no idea what *construing* meant. It was a word I had never heard. 'Come, come now, do begin; look in the book, there are no letters on my nose,' was the impatient exhortation I received. Then it occurred to me that the word *construiren* must be Italian, and was made use of by the gentlemen on occasions of special dignity, when they simply meant *spell*. So I began to spell with great volubility. 'Don't you understand German?' 'Oh, yes, most highly, revered Herr Schuleumpan.' 'Then construe.' I spelled. 'I asked if you understood German?' 'Oh, yes, most highly, revered Herr Schulmilitär, but not Italian,' I added in a tearful voice. A peal of laughter rang through the room, and thenceforth I was the fool of the day."—P. 123.

At the close of the examination poor Peter received, not the school, but the admonition not to go up again to be examined until he had learned the difference between spelling and construing. Mental distress, occasioned by this signal failure in the art of construing, at length drove Peter into a normal school. Here he paid his way by his old trade of weaving, and learned reading aloud, spelling, singing, arithmetic, and the much-desired construing. All the instruction was hard, technical, soulless; noisy repetition of words, scarcely half understood; a process of cramming which served rather to choke up than to expand the intellect. Although we are now nearly forty years further on in the march of civilization, we are by no means free from this evil either in the normal or the public schools. Good Mr. Gotthelf waxes very wrathful on this subject for two or three paragraphs.

Peter is at last settled in one of the best places in the canton. Thirty thalers a year, with house and firewood! The pastor receives him somewhat roughly, and with an abundant supply of good advice, winding up with the words, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The awkward manners and shy reserve of the schoolmaster are misunderstood by him, and construed as signs of opposition to himself; so from the first their relation was not a friendly one. Poor Peter, too, had the innocent weakness of believing all that was said to him. The peasants soon found this out, and delighted to take advantage of it. They soon began telling him he ought to take a wife, that he could get one with a fortune, and keep cows, and so forth. So presently the simple youth considered himself to be in love with a certain peasant's daughter, named Studi. She and her family had been kind to him; and with great intrepidity and very little doubt as to the result, he propounds the grave question of marriage. Studi quietly says she is very young, and in no hurry to marry. Peter begins to feel extremely comfortable, when a heavy hand is laid on his shoulder, and the voice of the peasant thunders in his ear, "What! is it you, schoolmaster, plaguing our Studi? I didn't think you were such a fool as that! Let her alone now; we have had enough of your nonsense!" And so the disconsolate lover was forbidden the house, and Studi soon after married a rich peasant. Peter now sinks into a despairing state of mind, is less careful about his school and about his company. His reputation suffers; bad stories are carried to the pastor, who believes all without question, and will not even hear Peter's explanation of the calumnies. Peter's own manner, too, at this interview being more awkward, and his tongue even less ready than usual, from his great excitement, tell against him. The poor fellow is quite crushed by this injustice; he feels that although he has been on the very brink of a fearful precipice, that he has really done no wrong, but been more sinned against than sinning.

"The good pastor," says Mr. Gotthelf, "is not the only person who, from visible premises, draws false conclusions on which to build an invisible background for himself; who attributes man's folly always to malice and corruption, and sees a guilty heart in an

awkward, hesitating manner. It is our greatest sin against our neighbor that we will put ourselves in the place of God, and judge not only a man's outside but his very soul. And we do not know even our own souls: do not know whether they have four legs or two wings. Out of a mite we make an elephant; out of a little error or inadvertency, a capital offence; out of a foolish human being we make an incarnate devil! Who shall count the sins thus committed by pastors and teachers, masters and parents, wives and husbands? And if a man could count them, still he could not follow the evil consequences of such sin into the hidden windings of the heart; he could not tell how many a heart has become hard because people said it was hardened; how many a man grows spiteful because he is told every day how spiteful he is; how many a one takes to bad company because he is supposed to be inclined to it, or grows quarrelsome because he has the credit for it. Neither can we ever follow those hearts which slowly break under this constant false reading—hearts which, the more they are misunderstood, are the less able to remove the error, and on earth bear the penalty of being judged far otherwise than they really deserve, until God delivers them."—P. 115.

Peter now found himself alone in the world. The whole village was against him; and in the school not a child had a kind word or smile for him. A friendless, loveless life is hard to bear, but when it is a faithless one as well, all must turn to bitterness. In writing this part of his life afterwards, in the light of wiser, happier years, Peter says:—

"I could make no conscious effort after anything higher; did not possess that power which presses on untouched by failure; did not possess—to my shame be it said—faith. Start not, reader; do not exclaim, 'It is a fearful thing when there are even schoolmasters who have no faith; the world is plainly growing worse and worse; and that choir-director was right when he said, 'he didn't know why the schoolmaster should be better paid now when not half so many people were saved as there used to be.' Of course I had a belief, and no doubt as good a one as any of you may have. I believed in the devil, in hell, in God, and in heaven, just as well as you. I also believed in ghosts and witches. I could shake my head doubtfully if any one tried to maintain there were no monsters who ran about with their heads under their arms! I wished to be saved, and I believed as well as you do, that if I only trusted in Christ he would save me. But this belief helped me about as much as spectacles on a dark night. It did not make me humble

in prosperity, or patient in sorrow; it did not show me my faults; did not show me God; gave me no love; quenched no hate; brought me no peace, no courage. My belief was no more to me than a house-key, which we put into our pocket when we go out in the morning, so that we may be able to get in again in the evening instead of standing outside with our teeth chattering. All day long we think nothing of it; it is of no use; is rather a burden than otherwise; we move it from one pocket to the other; we only take care not to lose it, or else—how should we get into the house again? This belief did not bind my life to God; my work was no labor with him; I was not made a member of that great band who carry out God's will within and around themselves, beginning here and resuming again yonder. It did not make me one of that band whose great purpose is God's will: who looks upon events and conditions on this earth either as work to be done, or as trials of the workman's strength, or as warnings of a downward road! I did not see that the true reward of labor consists only in the growth of power, in vigorous working with God, and close allegiance to him; that what the world gives and man receives as reward is only to encourage our weakness, or to test our heart whether it rests on God or on itself. Christ was not to me the leader of this band, the head to the members; not the true heaven's ladder on which we must ascend to moral freedom, to spiritual beauty, to heavenly love—to God. To me Christ was only the sacrificial Lamb, whose blood cleansed me from all sin as soon as I acknowledged that he really died and shed his blood for me.

"I was like the summer-day fly, which flutters on through its brief span, bent upon enjoying all it can enjoy; for after this day there is no other for it; and after a pleasant hour a sudden wind rises, the rain drives down, and from its flower the poor fly falls into the wet grass with broken wing! The flower and sunshine are gone away to an infinite distance; with pain and fear it struggles on to its end; it cannot rise, and there is no one there to lift it and put it again on the flower."—P. 140.

So Peter leaves the dreary place, which is no longer a home to him, and with his four years' testimonial settles down in a place called Gytivyl. Here, remembering former short-comings with regard to the pastor, he makes it his first business to go and see him. He finds an intelligent, active-minded man, who can talk but not listen. He wishes to give Peter the benefit of his experience, and therefore makes out for him a sort of inventory of the peasants in the neighborhood and

their peculiarities. It is not at all a lively performance. Neither does the pastor mend matters when at parting he points toward the village, saying, "Schoolmaster, see, there is Gytivyl. If you lose your way, come back to me. I will try to set you right again. You are a poor devil like myself. Good-night." Peter has a strong love for children, and soon becomes interested in his new scholars, especially in the girls. He is the more drawn towards them as he keeps himself apart from the society of the village; and a few pleasant words and smiles from one of the elder girls makes the whole day bright to him. Respecting one of these he says:—

"I see it now before me how one day a poor girl kept hovering round me before schooltime with one hand in her bag. At last she drew out a beautiful apple, with mellow golden skin and red cheeks like a picture; evidently it was the finest the child had had for years. With marked hesitation she held it out to me and said, "Schoolmaster, would you like an apple?" I answered rather shortly, "I will not eat your apples; keep it yourself." The child turned very red, raised her black eyes to me with such a look of entreaty, saying, "Schoolmaster, do take it; I am sure it is a good one," that I could not resist. The child, of course, had no apple herself that day, but the whole afternoon was in a state of unusual cheerfulness, with a thoughtful smile playing about her face. Who can tell me what was in her heart when she gave the gift, and afterwards? For the sake of this apple, this girl became my Eve."

Very slowly, and with an idyllic simplicity, did this courtship proceed. The account of it all, with its many troubles and difficulties, is so charmingly written, that we would fain translate two or three chapters. We must forbear, and rest content to find the young people "at home" in the old school-house, with Madeli's old father as patriarch. Madeli's character is the creation of a genius. It is full of the truest, saddest poetry of life; tender and brave and loving, she rises to that high religious faith which trusts and bears all things! A German novelist rapturously said of her that he would give three empresses, seven queens, and princesses innumerable, out of his novels, for this queenly schoolmaster's wife; and for the schoolmaster himself half a dozen well-dressed heroes into the bargain.

Matters go on smoothly for a time. The little income is sufficient, with great econ-

omy, for themselves and two children. The second child, a baby a few days old, is strangely beautiful, looking about with large calm eyes, such as all the gossips say no baby can have and live. The child seemed to droop suddenly; a neighbor roughly tells her it must die. Kaser writes thus of their first real sorrow :—

“ My wife trembled all over, and sat down with the child in her arms. O God! that cannot be true. He will not punish us so cruelly; oh, pray, do pray that he will spare us the child. I took our Prayer-book and sat down beside the dull lamp. I began, half weeping, to read a prayer for the sick, and read devotionally. ‘ Ah, not so, Peter, not so,’ she said, ‘ that is of no use, there is nothing about our child in it; pray to him to spare her.’ I turned to another prayer and read yet more devotionally. ‘ Ah, that is no good; pray out of yourself whatever comes into your head, only about the child!’ I rose up from the lamp, my heart full of anguish, anguish about the child, anguish that I could not pray. I never had prayed out of my own heart. Then, in her agony, my wife fell upon her knees, and called upon God. ‘ O Father! leave us the child, do not take it back again; it shall be thine, shall be our angel and thine, shall be the Saviour’s own through all eternity. We will carry it in our hands as thy precious gift; will trouble no more, but will bear all humbly and patiently that thou dost send us; will look for only good from thee. But the child, the child! do not take it; leave it us for thy Son’s sake.’ Fervently she looked upward, the tears streaming over her face, the child in her arms pressed close to her heart. It moved, and as Madeli looked down it stretched its little limbs once more, opened its eyes full upon its mother, a smile passed over its little face, then the eyes slowly closed. The smile seemed to wing its way like a little angel from the face, and with it the spirit of the child had departed too! Its body moved no more; its eyes were shut forever! The mother looked up full of reproach to heaven; the convulsion that had left the heart of the child seemed now to have fastened upon hers. Sobbing violently, she bent over the corpse, seeking for life. When she found no sign she tottered to the bed, laid the body upon it, and throwing herself over it, was so overcome with anguish that the bed shook under her. Grief seized me, too, as with an iron clutch; but the state of my wife roused me from my stupor. I tried to speak with her, but the convulsion would allow no answer, and I feared each minute that she must be suffocated. At last I succeeded in laying her on

the bed and calming her with water. She would not have the little body moved from her arms, but lay back, silently motioning me to be still, and not torment her with speaking. . . . The first beams of the morning found me faint and half asleep upon a chair; a calm, earnest gaze welcomed them from the bed, as they fell upon Madeli’s folded hands and upon the golden curls of our living child. I awoke from my sad dreams, and went out into the kitchen to prepare something warm for us after the night of weeping. But Madeli held me fast, begging me not to go, she had something to say to me. She could not describe to me what she had felt when she first knew the child to be dying in her arms. For the first time in her life the fountain of prayer seemed to be opened within her, and she poured out her soul to the Father in heaven. She felt a strength in her heart as though, if she had asked for a kingdom, that Father must give it her! And when she had finished, the child was dead. Then she felt as though a burning hand tore her heart from her body, as though a thousand mountains were hurled down upon her breast, as though an unfathomable abyss opened to swallow her in infinite darkness. Her faith was gone! ‘ There is no God,’ a voice thundered in her heart. An eternal nothingness stared her in the face with unutterable horror. She clung to the little body that she, too, might become a corpse, and lose consciousness, since man was nothing but a growing corpse, with no God, no living eternity, only an everlasting grave. No one can picture to themselves that terrible sensation, when one thinks one has clung firmly, lovingly to Heaven, and is seized, as though by a sudden madness, that there is no God, and every pulse echoes to us the cry, ‘ There is no God; your faith is vain!’ ‘ For a long time,’ said Madeli, ‘ I did not know if I was alive or dead. I thought nothing: I could only suffer. Gradually consciousness seemed to return, but for very long I could not find God.’ . . . At length it seemed to her as though a little spark arose, glimmering faintly, giving out very little light; and in the gleam of this light she saw again that smile of her child which had hovered over its face before it left us. Again the child seemed to live and to smile at some one with tenderness and trust. Up out of the darkness came a form lovely and tender to look upon, to whom the child held out its arms. The figure took the child on its arm, putting its hand on its head. The child’s face seemed to become glorified: it was as though wings waved from its shoulders, and its eyes turned to the mother, joyful and sparkling, like carbuncles! Instantly Madeli saw that it was the Saviour who held and blest her child, and as she thought it, he raised his finger, as though to



say, 'Woman, if thou hadst had faith!' and in that hand she saw the marks of the nails, and thought how he, too, had known great sorrow, and had prayed, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, yet not my will but thine be done;' and the cup of sorrow did not pass from him; he drank it to the last drop, and he rose again the third day, as a sign that there is a Father in heaven who can hear and bless obedience. And as she thought that, the light grew larger, and glowed like the sun, and the two forms became more and more heavenly, and looked at her with increasing tenderness. It was as though whole beams of love penetrated her heart, and in a splendor which her eyes could not bear, the Saviour and the child both vanished away. . . . By degrees she became convinced that the death of the child was not a punishment, but a voice of God. And as God had so highly honored her as to call her through a little angel, she would remain consecrated to him; and she thought she should be able. Thus was my wife made holy through the child, who became to her an angel, and who stretched out to her its little hand across the threshold which separates the earthly heart from God; but the angel drew with angelic power, and the mother passed the threshold and walked with God; that is, she purified herself to a holy temple, and fulfilled every duty in his name, and loved all in his love, and judged no one herself, but gave them over to the judgment of Him who says, 'I will repay.'

And we believe this chastened wife did not pass that threshold without her husband, although his character moulded itself more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Sore need they had, as years rolled on, of some resting-place beyond their daily life of struggle. The elastic little income could not at last be made to clothe and feed five children, and the schoolmaster's ill-tempered, exacting mother.

Kaser gains the warm friendship of a man named Wehrdi. One who has fought his last battle with the world, and come off victorious, but not without scars; outwardly rough and hard-spoken, yet fascinating all with sudden gleams of deep tenderness. He advises Kaser to write a history of his wrongs and grievances. This he does at little intervals between family cares, noisy school children, and worrying school reforms, which are being projected on all sides. When nearly completed, it is handed over to the pen and scissors of the cynically disposed Wehrdi. Meanwhile, on the very day when the little store of potatoes is found so ominously low

that the sad couple sit hand in hand, looking tearfully into a darkening future, the pastor enters the room, and reads to them a formal announcement that an addition of sixty dollars a year has been made to their income. And this is the grand *dénouement*, the romantic climax of the story. It will not satisfy an ordinary novel reader. Neither did it satisfy the reforming party, whose object the book was supposed to promote. Gotthelf was too sparing of his *couleur de rose* to give satisfaction to the sanguine reformers. The book was too real to please either party. There is one touching proof of its reality. The story is true that a Catholic priest sent a small sum of money by post directed to "Peter Kaser, in Gytiwyl, in the Canton Berne." The letter lay for some time in the post-office, and was at length forwarded to Gotthelf himself, who appropriated the money to a charitable object.

His next work of importance was "Uli der Knecht," followed by its sequel, "Uli der Pachter." Both of these stories were more popular in Switzerland than elsewhere. They are entirely occupied with the toils and anxieties of peasant life, the mutual relations and responsibilities of farmer and laborer, landlord and tenant. These relations needed mending in many ways; and wherever that sort of work was to be done Gotthelf was sure to set himself to the task. Happily he was not easily deterred by thoughts of difficulty or of the improbability of success. His theory of a man's work was to this effect:—

"I do not believe with those people who lay the cloth, sit down, say a prayer, and expect God to send down a well-dressed dinner in grand dishes. It is my belief that God does nothing for me if he has given me the power to do it for myself; that I must exercise these powers according to my ability and conscience, and without seeking any assurance that I shall accomplish the desired object, but in all humility leaving the result with God. Man is to sow, but in God's hand lies the harvest. What I do, I am responsible for; what I achieve, God ordains."

The title of the next work tells us of its own sad tale. It is "The History of Dursli the Brandy-Drinker." Shorter stories appeared from time to time in various Almanacs, and have been collected in several volumes. In these we find the humorous element of Gotthelf's genius most strongly developed; it creeps out refreshingly in dry,



quaint sayings and ludicrous descriptions. One of the most charming of this class is, "How Joggeli seeks a 'wife;'" and it became popular enough to form the text of a comic opera. Others again are purely poetic, as the gentle idyl of "Strawberry Marelli," the wild legend of "The Black 'Spider,'" and the solemn picture of "The Grandfather's Sunday."

Both in Switzerland and Germany Gotthelf has been frequently compared with Dickens. They are contemporaneous writers; and the fame of the latter could scarcely have reached the little village of Lützelfüh until Gotthelf had already achieved popularity: it is not, therefore, a charge of imitation. But in our view the comparison fails in so many points, that it is scarcely worth following it out in this place. The one story which perhaps reminds the reader most strongly of Dickens is that of "Kathi the Grandmother." There is the same poetic charm and interest thrown round characters of the humblest rank, while their peculiarities are brought out by delicate touches of pathos and humor. Dickens might possibly disdain the plotless history of an old woman and her grandson; but he might at the same time envy the power which could represent in a work of fiction robust and conquering Christian faith in the place of sickly sentimentalism. To this latter one must prefer the mere healthy elasticity which made Sam Weller and Mark Tapley face trouble and yet be "jolly," and undoubtedly it might be cultivated by us all with advantage. It is not religion; but it does not seek to be mistaken for it. It is no false sentiment. In the one case, we have human nature brave and hopeful: in the other, crushed down by disappointment, yet rising again, by a strength not its own, into a triumphant trust in a loving Father. And in this spirit Kathi perseveres in her daily round of drudgery, always doing what is right, always forgetting herself, until we feel it to be as true of her in her obscurity as it was of the great duke in his renown, that,—

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory.  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outtreden  
All voluptuous garden-roses."

It was not possible for Gotthelf, with his

human sympathies and his strong nationality, to remain indifferent to politics. But as we are entirely ignorant of Swiss politics, and do not mind confessing it because we are sure our neighbors are not a whit wiser than ourselves, we must refer the reader to Dr. Manuel's excellent sketch of Gotthelf's life and works for some light. We have already ourselves referred to a political story by our author, called, "Zeitgeist und Bernergeist," and found the light to be darkness. That is to say, we were entirely baffled by the labyrinth of party interests to which we had no clue, and by the preponderance of Bernese dialect, of which we possessed no glossary. The tendency of his political writing is undoubtedly conservative. At the same time his standard of what manner of men those in authority ought to be was so lofty, his truth-speaking about short-comings so unpalatable, and his inability to pay a compliment so marked, that he gave little more satisfaction to the governing party than he did to the democrats, whom he could not tolerate. The latter he was always ready to class with atheists. We cannot judge with how much reason; but in Germany such arbitrary classification has often worked grave mischief.

We should have liked much, had space permitted, to say a word or two about the "Sylvestertraum," a flight of fantasy strongly recalling Jean Paul's beautiful fragment of the "Neujahr's Nacht eines Unglücklichen."

Gotthelf's last work, the "Frau Pfarrerin," was found in manuscript after the writer's death, and seems to speak with the voice of presentiment. It sets forth with deep tenderness the lonely life of a pastor's widow, and shows how truly it has been said of him, that he "loved to bury himself in the lives of the poor and the forsaken, that he might adorn them with the magic of poetry." During the latter years of his life, the personage at Lützelfüh ceased to be the calm and secluded retreat it had been. Pilgrims came, both friendly and curious, to the abode of the popular writer and the genuine man. Judging from the portrait with which Dr. Manuel has adorned his book, Gotthelf must have possessed much the same cast of countenance that strikes us so pleasantly in the portraits of Jean Paul. A large head, full face with high forehead, the eye and brow thoughtful, but with an expression of great

frankness, the mouth well-shaped, and marked by the most delicate play of tenderness and humor. A thoroughly genial temperament made him popular among all classes, except, perhaps, sluggards and bigwigs. His little church was always crowded. Through the pulpit, as through the press, the whole man uttered himself, frankly, passionately. This great freedom of utterance, however, has its disadvantages; and we find in some of Gotthelf's later books that propensity to sermonize against which human nature always rebels. Gotthelf's written style is altogether original; he spoke a Bernese dialect, but wrote German. Not unfrequently he has combined these two in some felicitous expression, which the Germans have welcomed and adopted; but the combination was not always successful. Those works which have been most popular are those in which the characters speak most freely in their own strong idiom, reckless of the sufferings of foreigners. Jacob Grimm, in the preface to his great dictionary, speaks of the grace and force which the Swiss writers gather from the popular dialects, mentioning Gotthelf as foremost in his power of idiomatic utterance. We are told, however, that the German typesetters objected strongly to his irregularities. In the village stories of Auerbach, the popular idioms and proverbs are introduced with more artistic skill. They are never uttered by the wrong person or at the wrong time; are never too rough or too polished. They fit in perfectly to Auerbach's own carefully made style. His characters, also, as compared with those of Gotthelf, bear the same traces of a recent and somewhat elaborate toilet. The impression made by his pictures is like that of clever mosaic work, while Gotthelf's handling reminds us of the best specimens of Swiss wood-carving. Here we have, cut out of one block, a group of animals, an old tree-trunk and fern leaves of exquisite delicacy, life, strength, and beauty. These two writers, because they have made choice of somewhat similar subjects, have been so frequently compared, that we should like to point out what appears to us one essential difference. Auerbach began his career with philosophy, and seems to end it in that untranslatable state of mind which the Germans call

"*Welt-schmerz*." His spirit knows no rest. He reiterates in passionate sorrow or child-like petulance the cry, "The times are out of joint." About Gotthelf there is a lofty repose, reminding one of the prophets of old. His heart is not simply at rest; it is possessed by a living faith, a vitalizing power. It is this religiousness, devoid of cant or false sentiment, which, with his robust moral health and marked nationality, constitute the strongly individual character of his writings. There can be no doubt that the religious as well as the poetic tendencies were fostered by his free life amidst the grandest natural scenery, and a people whose life was passed in the field or on the mountain side. He well describes how the dependence of the husbandman upon natural influences teaches him to realize the presence of the God of nature, and to place confidence in Him who orders summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. We have all learned, or ought to learn, how such intercourse with nature quickens our spiritual sensibilities. How good it is for us sometimes to rush away from the hurrying whirl of active life to the mountain solitudes, as Carlyle says, "to find ourselves." Let us add, also, to find something *better* than our tedious selves, if we are to go back into the vortex with renewed vigor. Gotthelf says, "Read your Bible, but read nature too. When a man reads in both books, heaven and earth draw near together—the heavens open and pour down revealing light upon life, sanctifying its affairs; the Bible consecrates life, life makes the Bible a living book." In the same manner Gotthelf vitalizes all that comes under his influence. We are conscious of a bracing mental atmosphere, and feel invigorated as from a cold plunge on a sultry day. He makes us feel, in taking with him this tour in spirit, an exhilaration akin to that which refreshed our physical powers when among the Alpine heights. Certainly we shall not fail when next we undertake the grand tour to seek out the little village of Lützelfüh, to ramble beside its restless river, and muse awhile in its calm churchyard, where a small Gothic tombstone covers the earthly resting-place of one of earth's truest and most godlike sons.

From The New York Evening Post.  
LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE fourth volume of "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," just published by George P. Putnam, completes a work which has a permanent historical value, aside from the personal interest derived from the private correspondence of Mr. Irving. The materials upon which Mr. Pierre Irving builds a beautiful monument to the memory of his uncle are so abundant that the labor of reducing them to order and sequence must have been severe; but the skill and the industry of the editor are alike worthy of all praise. The work, in its complete form, will be very welcome to the hearths and the hearts of thousands of readers. Its glimpses of historical events, the seductive charm of Mr. Irving's epistolary style, the air of genial humor which breathes through every page, impart to it a peculiarly refreshing liveliness, while the careful regard paid to the order of time in the arrangement of the letters preserves the continuity of the record unbroken from the beginning of the correspondence to the end. The four volumes give us a complete photograph of Irving, who is himself the sitter and the artist.

#### NAPOLÉON III. AND EUGENIE.

On the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote as follows to Mrs. Storrow, who was then in Paris:—

"A letter received from you while I was at Washington gave an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the church of Notre Dame, which you saw from a window near the Hotel de Ville. One of your recent letters, I am told, speaks of your having been presented to the empress. I shall see it when I go to town. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime.

"I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de theatre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking; and what will be the next who can conjecture?

"The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and

accomplished ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon the throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.

"Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of?'

"I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

#### PROPHETIC.

In an earlier letter to Mrs. Storrow, dated at Sunnyside, in January, 1852, immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of Napoleon's *coup d'état*, Irving made the following sagacious prophecies, which subsequent events have curiously verified:—

"I should not be surprised if there were a long spell of tranquillity in Paris under his absolute sway. Had his *coup d'état* been imperfectly effected, or his election been but moderately successful, France might have been thrown into a terrible turmoil; but now he will hold her down with a strong hand until she has kicked out the last *triumph* and convulsion of French liberty and is quiet. You will then most probably have all the splendors of the imperial court, with the spectacles and public improvements by which Napoleon used to dazzle the capital and keep the Parisians in good humor. All this, I presume, will be more to the taste of temporary residents like yourself than the stern simplicity of republicanism; and a long interval of quiet would be a prosperous interval for the commercial world; so both you and Storrow may find yourselves comfortable under the absolute sway of Napoleon the Second."

#### KOSSUTH.

Soon after the arrival of Kossuth in the United States, Irving wrote to Mrs. Storrow:—

"We have had a great turmoil and excitement, though of a peaceful kind, here, on the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. New York, you know, is always

ready for a paroxysm of enthusiasm on the advent of any great novelty, whether a great singer, a great dancer, a great novelist, or a great patriot; and it is not often it has so worthy an object to run mad about. I have heard and seen Kossuth both in public and private, and he is really a noble fellow, quite the *beau-ideal* of a poetic hero. There seems to be no base alloy in his nature. All is elevated, generous, intellectual, and refined, and with his manly and daring spirit there is mingled a tenderness and sensibility of the gentlest kind. He is a kind of man that you would idolize. Yet, poor fellow! he has come here under a great mistake, and is doomed to be disappointed in the high-wrought expectations he had formed of co-operation on the part of our government in the affairs of his unhappy country. Admiration and sympathy he has in abundance from individuals; but there is no romance in councils of state or deliberative assemblies. There cool judgment and cautious policy must restrain and regulate the warm impulses of feeling. I trust we are never to be carried away by the fascinating eloquence of this second Peter the Hermit into schemes of foreign interference that would rival the wild enterprises of the Crusades."

#### IRVING ON TABLE-TIPPING.

Alive to all the novelties of the day, Mr. Irving had an experience in "table-tipping," at the time when that was the popular pastime here. Writing from Washington in February, 1853, in answer to a letter which contained an allusion to a party in New York where the amusement of the evening was moving tables, he says:—

"I see you are in the midst of *hocus-pocus* with moving tables, etc. I was at a party last evening where the grand experiment was made on a large table, round which were seated upward of a dozen young folks of both sexes. The table was for a long time obdurate. At length a very pretty, bright-eyed girl, who in England would have passed for a Lancashire witch, gave the word 'Tip, table!' whereupon the table gradually raised on two legs until the surface was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was not easily to be put down again, until she gave the word 'Down, table!' It afterward rose and sank to a tune, performed gyrations about the room, etc.; all which appeared very mysterious and diabolical. Unfortunately, two or three of us tried an after experiment, and found that we could tip table, and make it move about the room without any very apparent exertion of our hands; so we remain among the unconverted—quite behind the age."

#### THE HISTORY OF IRVING'S EARLY ATTACHMENT.

"In the first volume of my work I had already introduced some affecting passages from this memorial bearing upon the history of his early attachment, and had supposed that I had given all that would be of interest to the general reader; but as the London publisher of the biography, to whom the advance sheets were sent, has taken the surprising liberty of introducing two whole chapters, making seventy-nine additional pages, at the end of the third volume, without my knowledge or consent, giving some further particulars of the author's life at Dresden, I feel it necessary again to recur to the subject. This new matter, to which the bookseller has resorted as a device to obtain a copyright, consists mainly of the journals of Mrs. Fallor and Mrs. Dawson, the Emily and Flora of those days. While there is much that is of interest in their record of those 'pleasant days,' as Mr. Irving calls them in a letter which is to follow,—the last he ever wrote to the family,—there are some things in the journal of Mrs. Dawson a little calculated, though no doubt unintentionally, to mislead, or rather to be misunderstood.

"A notice of the English edition of my work, which met my eye in the *London Quarterly* before I had been able to see the English copy, or had any intimation of the nature of the additions intruded upon it, mentioned, to my surprise, that Mr. Irving had aspired to the hand of Miss Emily Foster, at Dresden, and met with a 'friendly but decided rejection of his addresses.' On receiving the English copy, I find that Mrs. Dawson makes no positive assertion of the kind; but, while she claims for her sister, from Mr. Irving, a degree of devotion amounting to 'a hopeless and consuming attachment,' she goes on to say, 'It was fortunate, perhaps, that this affection was returned by the warmest friendship only (the italics are her own), since it was destined that the accomplishment of his wishes was impossible, for many obstacles which lay in his way.'

"While I am not disposed to question for a moment the warmth or sincerity of his admiration for the lady, that he ever thought of matrimony at this time is utterly disproved by a passage of the very manuscript to which the sister refers, as addressed to her mother, and of which she errs in supposing that I had in possession only the first and last sheets. A more careful reference to the first volume of the biography will show her that only the first and last sheets were missing, and that there remained sixteen consecutive pages. In that manuscript, after recounting the progress and catastrophe of his early love, forever hallowed to his



memory, and glancing at other particulars of his life, with which the reader has already been made familiar, all given with the frankness and unreserve of perfect confidence, he closes by saying:—

“You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. When I had sufficiently recovered from that loss I became involved in ruin. It was not for a man broken down in the world to drag down any woman to his paltry circumstances. I was too proud to tolerate the idea of ever mending my circumstances by matrimony. My time has now gone by; and I have growing claims upon my thoughts and upon my means, slender and precarious as they are. I feel as if I had already a family to think and provide for.”

“The reader will perceive from this passage, addressed to Mrs. Foster, at Dresden, after months of intimate friendship, what color there is for the assertion that Mr. Irving ever made advances for the hand of Miss Emily Foster, however great or undisguised may have been his admiration for her.”

Miss Emily Foster afterwards became Mrs. Fuller, and that the warmest friendship existed between her and Mr. Irving for many years after their meeting at Dresden is proved by letters (written in 1856), which now first see the light in this volume. We copy the following passage from a letter of Irving to Mrs. Fuller, dated at Sunnyside, July 2d, 1856:—

“MY DEAR MRS. FULLER,—You can scarcely imagine my surprise and delight on opening your letter and finding that it came from Emily Foster. A thousand recollections broke at once upon my mind of Emily Foster as I had known her at Dresden, young and fair and bright and beautiful; and I could hardly realize that so many years had elapsed since then, or form an idea of her as Mrs. Emily Fuller, with four boys and one little girl. . . . I wish you had given me a few more particulars about yourself, and those immediately connected with you whom I have known. After so long an interval one fears to ask questions, lest they should awaken painful recollections.

“By the tenor of your letter I should judge that, on the whole, the world has gone smoothly with you. Your children, you tell me, are all ‘so good and promising as to add much to your happiness.’ How much of what is most precious in life is conveyed in those few words! You ask me to tell you something about myself. Since my return, in 1846, from my diplomatic mission to Spain, I have been leading a quiet life in a little rural retreat I had previously estab-

lished on the banks of the Hudson, which, in fact, has been my home for twenty years past. I am in a beautiful part of the country, in an agreeable neighborhood, and on the best of terms with my neighbors, and have a house full of nieces, who almost make me as happy as if I were a married man. Your letter was put into my hand just as I was getting into the carriage to drive out with some of them. I read it to them in the course of the drive, letting them know that it was from Emily Foster, the young lady of whom they had often heard me speak; who had painted the head of Herodias, which hangs over the piano in the drawing-room, and who, I had always told them, was more beautiful than the head which she had painted; which they could hardly believe, though it was true. You recollect, I trust, the miniature copy of the head of Herodias which you made in the Dresden Gallery. I treasure it as a precious memorial of those pleasant days.”

#### IRVING TO PAULDING.

Here is a genial passage from a letter to James K. Paulding, written when Irving was seventy-two years old:—

“I am glad to receive such good accounts as you give of yourself and your brother, ‘jogging on together in good humor with each other and with the world.’ Happy is he who can grow smooth as an old shilling as he wears out; he has endured the rubs of life to some purpose.

“You hope I am ‘sliding smoothly down the hill.’ I thank you for the hope. I am better off than most old bachelors are, or deserve to be. I have a happy home; the happier for being always well stocked with womenkind, without whom an old bachelor is a forlorn, dreary animal. My brother, the ‘general,’ is wearing out the serene evening of life with me; almost entirely deaf, but in good health and good spirits, more and more immersed in the study of newspapers (with which I keep him copiously supplied), and, through them, better acquainted with what is going on in the world than I am, who mingle with it occasionally and have ears as well as eyes open. . . .

“I have had many vivid enjoyments in the course of my life, yet no portion of it has been more equably and serenely happy than that which I have passed in my little nest in the country. I am just near enough to town to dip into it occasionally for a day or two, give my mind an airing, keep my notions a little up to the fashion of the times, and then return to my quiet little home with redoubled relish.”

From The Saturday Review, 28 Nov.

# ENGLAND AND THE CONGRESS.

AN English Cabinet has seldom thought itself called on to make a more momentous decision than that at which the present ministry has arrived this week in declining altogether the French project for a Congress. There is much to be said for the course taken. Every one foresaw the danger and difficulties to which a Congress would give rise. On one supposition, nothing would have been done, and then the only issue would have been fresh heart-burnings and jealousies and enmities. Resolutions might have been come to of a vague and inoperative kind, which might nevertheless have fixed a slur on the powers against which they had been directed, and which would have left behind them a sting that nothing but war could have taken away. It is not to be supposed that Austria would have allowed herself to be voted out of Venetia; and yet, if a strong expression of European opinion had been recorded against her, she would have seemed to be branded as a public wrong-doer. On the other hand, if the Congress had fulfilled its nominal purpose, there would have been a general remodelling of the map of Europe, and kingdoms would have been bartered, or seized on, or given at Paris as they were in the days of the First Napoleon. England, too, would have run a great risk of being dragged into war against her will. As things stand now, there might possibly be a continental war from which we might hope to keep aloof; but if we had taken a part in a prolonged and angry discussion, had given much offence and thought ourselves injured, or had been called on to see the balance of power disturbed, and some great wrong or robbery planned and carried out, we should have been very liable to be carried away by our own indignation, and should perhaps have been the first to set the torch to Europe. Then, again, by boldly declining the Congress, and thus terminating the scheme, we have asserted our position in the European scale. No other nation would have dared singly to run the risk of affronting France, and to thwart the emperor. We have shown Europe that there is a power still left which considers itself in no way second to France. If the emperor can call princes and kings together that he may cajole and frighten them at his pleasure, England can step to the rescue, and tell them that they need not trouble themselves to come. The

emperor proposes, but England disposes. He suggests, and we judge whether his suggestions are worth anything; and it cannot be doubted that it is of great advantage to Europe that there should be a power capable of acting with this independence of France. It animates the courage, it fixes the principles, and it kindles the hopes of continental nations, when they find a centre of resistance to Louis Napoleon which does not fail them in the hour of their need. Nor is it unimportant that Englishmen should themselves learn their own strength, and gain that confidence which comes with doing as seems wisest and best, in spite of the consequences that may ensue, and the remonstrances that may be provoked.

But, on the other hand, it must be allowed that we may have forced France to think she has undergone a serious humiliation, and we must certainly have mortified and irritated the emperor. We do not at all object to this if the occasion called for so strong a measure at our hands. It is not the business of England to avoid giving France offence if France displays too much ambition and desire of aggrandizement, nor ought we to be too tender of disappointing the schemes and baffling the intrigues of the crowned adventurer who is now the sole representative of France. But it may be questioned whether it was quite necessary or right that, in this case, the rebuff should have come from us. It appears that, when the Congress was first proposed, England asked what would be the subjects of discussion. We did not object to a Congress altogether, as in its nature fruitless and pernicious. We did not explain that any Congress must entail the very danger of war which it sought to avoid. But we asked what the Congress was to deal with. The emperor would scarcely have answered any other power, but he felt himself obliged to answer England. He had to expose his plans, and to say whose possessions were to be called in question. He had more especially to announce that the state of Italy required immediate attention, and that Austria must submit to have her tenure of Venetia disputed. Then we turned round upon him, and told him that this would never do. The Congress, we pointed out, must fail, because Russia would be as deaf at Paris as she is at St. Petersburg to all remonstrances about Poland; because the German Duchies have already been assigned to Denmark by treaty;

because, above all things, Austria would never attend a Congress at which it was to be discussed whether she should hold Venetia or not. We assumed the office of judge, and decided what it would be wisest for France and Austria to do, and told them that a Congress would only lead to war between them, and that therefore a Congress should not be held. None of these questions touched England, except very remotely, but we did not wait for those whom they did affect to decline attending. We saved them the trouble at the outset. We have not left it to Austria to say that she could not come, now that her position in Italy is declared to be one of the most prominent topics of discussion. We have not given the Emperor of the French that last chance of averting war which he, at any rate, affected to think was opened by inviting Russia to a friendly investigation of the situation and hopes of Poland. We have not given the Italians that measure of advantage which they could scarcely have failed to derive from the French occupation of Rome being submitted to the consideration of Europe. We have chosen to bear all the burden ourselves, to shield Austria, and to save Russia the necessity of again repelling the overtures of France. The French will, we may guess, resent this, and perhaps it is only natural that they should resent it. They have complained loudly, and not without reason, of the mode in which England, after all the magniloquent despatches of Earl Russell about Poland, has fettered the action of France, and left Poland to its fate. Now they may also complain that, when the emperor proposed the hopeless project of a Congress as a last means of keeping off war, England was not content with leaving Russia and Austria to act for themselves, and with showing how hopeless the prospect of a Congress really was, but went out of her way to make the scheme a conspicuous and mortifying failure from the outset.

But the necessity is so strong of showing a bold front to France, and of avoiding the least ground for suspecting that, voluntarily or involuntarily, we are accomplices of the emperor in his schemes for disturbing Europe, that a ministry that errs on the side of opposition to France may expect to be forgiven, and may, perhaps, not be disappointed. The continental nations, however, will not fail to perceive that one great cause of our decisive conduct at this early stage of the affair has been our dread of being dragged into a war. We have let the world know that, unless in the last extremity, we will not meddle with the quarrels of the Continent. Lord Palmerston, and the older inheritors of

the traditions of the past, would still wish to fight for Turkey; but it is obvious that, unless the interests of England are very directly threatened, it will be as difficult to pronounce, when the next occasion arises, why we should fight to keep the Turks in Europe, as it is to say why we should trouble ourselves to keep Germany in or out of the Duchies, or to prevent or aid France in getting the left bank of the Rhine. Nor, if we keep out of continental wars when they do not touch Turkey, will it be so easy to persuade other powers to help us when the integrity of Turkey is endangered. The real consequences of England resolutely withdrawing from continental wars have yet to be ascertained. A coalition between France and Russia might speedily settle a vast variety of questions. Nations are generally guided by great interests, and not by slight and personal motives, in embarking on the larger schemes of their policy, and therefore so minor an event as the refusal of England to join the Congress will not, probably, affect very largely the course which the emperor will think it prudent to adopt; yet it must be acknowledged that the step we have just taken may conduce greatly to alienate him and France from the English alliance. It is a bold and striking, but it certainly is not a friendly, act to damp the project of France for a Congress, by refusing altogether to discuss questions affecting Austria, and declining to wait until the views of Austria herself are declared. It is a new rebuff to the emperor; and he has had so many rebuffs lately that he may think he has scarcely any prospect of retrieving his position except by war. He has had to endure the sarcasms and the challenge of Russia. He has had to accept a domestic defeat at the hands of his own Parisians, and his Chamber is now so nearly insubordinate that the opinions of those who might easily guide France into a new path can only be stifled by directing the majority to make a ceaseless noise while an Opposition orator is addressing them, and then by permitting the reporters only to report what they hear. Lastly, England has added a new humiliation, not so much by refusing to attend the Congress as by the manner and time of her refusal. War, therefore, is the natural resource to which he can look to extricate him from his embarrassments; and if he wishes for an enemy close at hand, the Germans seem bent on providing him with one. He must be cheered and stimulated by learning that the enthusiastic supporters of the Danes in England have come to the conclusion that the possession of the whole left bank of the Rhine would not be too splendid a reward for an emperor who drew his sword in so holy a cause as that of compelling the Holsteiners to live under the rule of Christian IX. of Denmark.

From The Spectator.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.\*

It is rather a remarkable fact that *the* most striking characteristic common to all the more eminent American authors is not one of substance but one of form, and that, too, one which we should have supposed scarcely attainable amidst the rougher society of a new world,—a certain limpid purity and fluent refinement of expression. If we number up the great American names, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Washington Irving, Prescott, Channing,—almost all, indeed, of any note, except, perhaps, Dr. Holmes, whose style is sufficiently clear, but not exactly refined—(with Edgar Poe the turbidness is not in the expression but the heart),—the one common characteristic is the grace and ease and simplicity of style which makes their words run like a flowing stream across the mind, rising in Hawthorne and Longfellow to the silver music of a fountain's flow and fall. Probably this great ease and simplicity of style arises in some degree from the ease and uniformity of the conditions of life in a country where wide social extremes, and the puzzle which great social miseries bring with them, are almost unknown. No doubt a great social uniformity presents fewer obstacles to the harmonizing and refining effort of the intellect than the complexities of English society, and the comparatively unpuzzled mind runs off in comparatively easy and harmonious speech. It is always easier to give a high polish to the grain of a single substance than to a surface thickly inlaid with various distinct substances,—and we think this is more than a mere illustrative simile. But however that may be, the fact is certain, that American literature has attained at a single bound a style as graceful and polished as that of Addison.

Longfellow is certainly chiefly characterized by the crystal grace of his poems. Nor is it mere refinement of *style* by which he is principally distinguished; for that would tell us little of him as a poet. Even in *subjects* there is a greater and a less capacity for what we may call the crystal treatment; and Longfellow always selects those in which a clear, still, pale beauty may be seen by a swift, delicate vision, appearing almost on the surface.

\* "Tales of a Wayside Inn." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

Sometimes he is tempted by the imaginative purity of a subject (as was Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his poem of "Balder Dead") to forget that he has not adequate vigor for its grasp, as in the series in this volume on the Saga of King Olaf, which is, in his hands, only classical, while by its essence it ought to be forceful. But, on the whole, every volume he has published has been filtered into purer and brighter beauty than the last, and—if we except "Hiawatha," where his subject was peculiarly suited to the graceful surface humor of his genius,—this is, to our minds, the pleasantest of all his volumes. His reputation was acquired by a kind of rhetorical sentimental class of poem, which has, we are happy to say, disappeared from his more recent volumes,—the "life is real, life is earnest" sort of thing, and all the platitudes of feverish youth. Experience always sooner or later filters a genuine poet clear of that class of sentiments, teaching him that true as they are, they should be kept back, like steam, for working the will, and not let off by the safety-valve of imaginative expression. In this volume such beauty as there is, is pure beauty, though it is not of a very powerful kind. Mr. Longfellow has adopted the idea of Chaucer (recently taken up also by his friend, Mr. Clough, with greater genius, but, unfortunately, less of life and leisure at his command), of making each of a group of friends relate a tale at a "wayside inn," and, as generally happens in such cases, perhaps, the best part of the poem is the prelude which introduces and describes the various guests and story-tellers in the Massachusetts wayside inn. One of them is a musician who plays upon a violin:—

"The instrument on which he played  
Was in Cremona's workshops made,  
By a great master of the past,  
Ere yet was lost the art divine;  
Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
That in Tyrolian forests vast  
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast."

And the musician himself is finely described as listening to the music that haunts the heart of his instrument before he can educe it:—

"Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood;  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought,—



The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain;  
Then by the magic of his art  
He soothed the throbbings of his heart,  
And lulled it into peace again."

No one could have distilled, as it were, the rapture of musical inspiration into more lustrous speech than this; and the description of the young Sicilian is scarcely less bright and liquid:—

"A young Sicilian, too, was there;—  
In sight of Etna born and bred,  
Some breath of its volcanic air  
Was glowing in his heart and brain;  
And being rebellious to his liege  
After Palermo's fatal siege,  
Across the western seas he fled,  
In good King Bomba's happy reign.  
*His face was like a summer night,  
All flooded with a dusky light;*  
His hands were small; his teeth shone white  
As seashells, when he smiled or spoke;  
His sinews supple and strong as oak;  
Clean shaven was he as a priest,  
Who at the Mass on Sunday sings;  
Save that upon his upper lip  
His beard a good palm's length at least,  
Level and pointed at the top,  
Shot sideways like a swallow's wings.  
The poets read he o'er and o'er,  
And most of all the Immortal four  
Of Italy; and next to those  
The story-telling bard of prose  
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales  
Of the Decameron, that make  
Fiesole's green hills and vales  
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
Much, too, of music was his thought,  
The melodies and measures fraught  
With sunshine and the open air  
Of vineyards, and the singing sea  
Of his beloved Sicily."

This is not a very powerful species of poetry, and yet it is very pleasant, and to our ears much more truly poetical than the sentimental verse which first obtained for Longfellow his wide popularity. Longfellow does not catch the deepest beauty or the deepest passions which human life presents to us. His tale of "Torquemada" and the consuming fire of persecuting orthodoxy, is comparatively feeble and ineffectual. But he catches the surface bubbles,—the imprisoned air which rises from the stratum next beneath

the commonplace,—the beauty that a mild and serene intellect can see issuing everywhere, both from nature and from life,—with exceedingly delicate discrimination; and his poetry affects us with the same sense of beauty as the blue wood-smoke curling up from a cottage chimney into an evening sky. The essence of poetry consists in giving us by music and by thought this inner sense of the unity of life in the scenes or feelings it depicts; the *power of poetry* is measured by the variety and range of the life it can thus succeed in reducing to an artistic harmony and unity. Longfellow does not attempt to deal with rich or various materials. He seizes on the lighter phases of gentle loveliness, and distills them at once into his verse.

And he does this with a true poetic felicity of language that shows how keenly he feels the expressive associations of the words he uses, which are never far fetched, though often fetched from afar. We will give but one example—we might select a hundred—of the felicity with which he illustrates a comparatively narrow poetic theme,—and he does this in some respects better the narrower it is. In describing the falcon's dream in his story of Sir Frederigo he says:—

"Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird  
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard  
*The sudden scythelike sweep of wings that dare*  
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of  
air."

The beauty of the adjective "scythelike," as applied to the sweep of the falcon's wings, is by no means exhausted when you have thought of the motion and of the sound it suggests. It calls up, besides, a hundred associations with dewy summer mornings and "wet, bird-haunted English lawns" that help the beauty, the freshness, and the music of the thought. Of such delicate touches as these this last volume of Mr. Longfellow, though by no means of the highest order of poetry, is very full. And few influences on the imagination are more resting and sunny, though there may be many more bracing and stimulating. The poem on "The Birds of Killingworth" is full of such beauties.

From The Spectator.

HANNAH THURSTON.\*

If Bayard Taylor has not placed himself, as we are half inclined to suspect, in the front rank of novelists, he has produced a very remarkable book, a really original story admirably told, crowded with lifelike character, full of delicate and subtle sympathy with ideas the most opposite to his own, and lighted up throughout with that playful humor which suggests always wisdom, rather than mere fun. The first impression, indeed, of the few Englishmen who knew Mr. Taylor's previous writings will probably be one of exceeding surprise. They knew, indeed, that he could describe with a power which belongs to few, even in this age of description, and the sketches of nature scattered through these volumes, beautiful as they are, will not be beyond their anticipation; but no one attributed to Mr. Taylor the true creative power. Yet there are a dozen characters interwoven into the plot of this book, every one of whom is to the reader as a remembered friend, a living and moving figure, whom he can recognize and watch as if he were in the flesh, whose action he can study, and in whom the slightest incoherence would startle him as incoherences in actual life might do. Their vividness is the more striking, because Mr. Taylor in his St. Petersburg leisure has evidently been endeavoring to give to his book something of artistic perfection, and has subordinated all his characters to the two central figures as strictly as if he were preparing a drama for exacting but able actors, and has forced all to assist, each in his or her degree, in the development of his moral purpose. The idea of "Hannah Thurston" is that of Tennyson's "Princess," to account for and to justify the existing relation of woman to man, and when we say that it is readable after that fine poem, we have, perhaps, given it the highest praise. The idea, however, is worked out one step farther than the point at which the poet stopped, and amidst a very different scene. Hannah Thurston, the central figure, is a Quaker girl, bred up in a New England village, the child of a mother whose character is one of the most exquisite modern fiction has produced, and who tells in the first thirty pages of the second volume a story, such as the author of "Paul Ferroll" may

read with a sigh, confessing how far she has been outdone. Compressed by the social system amidst which she has to live, and which is the narrowest, perhaps, existing on earth, panting with desire for a higher and more harmonious life, with a mind choked with the thirst for beauty no New Englander can gratify, and for the social perfection which is as distant there as here, Hannah Thurston has thrown herself into the world of ideas. Behind the deep hedge of the "unco' gude" which surrounds New England society stands always a band of "reformers," whose imaginations are as unsatisfied by the Calvinistic theology as by the material life around them who must have work as well as objects of meditation, and who throw themselves sometimes with absurd vehemence, sometimes with evil fervor, but always with startling earnestness, into projects of social reform. The *Tribune* has been in its time the mouthpiece of more "isms" in New York alone than France has produced in a century, and Bayard Taylor, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, has sympathized for a moment with all. Hannah Thurston takes as her part the advocacy of woman's rights, becomes a lecturer so like, and yet so different from, the Dinah of "Adam Bede," and at thirty renounces marriage in favor of the mission she fancies herself called to perform. She is at the height of her village influence, recognized by all as a woman whom it is possible for men to love, yet with something in her beyond womanhood, when she meets Maxwell Woodbury, Mr. Taylor's type of a man, who may be shortly described as a good "Rochester," and finds her theories imperfect. The plot consists in the gradual victory of earthly love over Hannah's dreamy imagination, the slow recognition, worked out with exquisite art, of the great truth that woman desires a place in the world which is *not* man's equal ally. She finds in her lover's cold reasoning power the product, not of temperament, but of wide experience, something which first chills and then strengthens her own imagination; recognizes as their intercourse proceeds that there is a radical inherent difference in the intellect of the sexes; discovers soon after that the one is the complement of the other, and then, moved by instinct and not by any one of all these reasonings, loves with all her heart and soul. She still, however, struggles hard to retain the strong mental stimulus—stimulus as

\* "Hannah Thurston." By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson and Low.

of alcohol, which her theories have afforded, and Woodbury, an able man of the world, marries her with a promise that she shall be as independent, as much mistress of her own actions, as if she had been but an intimate male friend. The promise clouds her life, and she finds that the independence is a chain; for it compels her to pass life hungering to discover the wishes her husband will not express, lest they should interfere with her independence. She realizes at last that the sense of sacrifice adds in woman only to the fullness of love; that submission to woman is gain not deprivation, and acknowledges that, after all, it is in the union and not in the equality of the sexes that social happiness is to be found.

It looks very didactic all that, as we have put it, but as Mr. Taylor tells the story, every idea rising naturally out of the exquisitely natural incident, there is nothing didactic about it beyond a conversation or two between Hannah Thurston and her lover, absolutely necessary to the development of his purpose. They will be found just as interesting to all young ladies as the stock pair of lovers, and they are the centre of a group of absolutely original figures. Mr. Taylor has discerned the truth which Americans are so slow to learn, that if their literature is ever to be original it must draw its sap from the soil. He is not afraid to lay his scene in the village of Ptolemy, "which has Mulligansville on the east, Anacreon on the north, and Atauga City on the west," or to confine his characters to people to be found only in an American village. And most original characters they are. From Mr. Merryfield, the weak but well-to-do farmer, who at fifty has found that he has ideas, and accepts with weak honesty and fullness of conviction all manner of "isms," believes in woman's rights and spirit-rapping, teetotalism and vegetable dietetics, but staggers when asked to yield up his farm as a basis for a model community, to Eliza Clancy, the old spinster, who makes frocks for her spiritual child, the little brown convert of Jutnapore, and the Rev. Mr. Styles, who fears that so many lamps at the sewing union "looks a little like levity," every character is original and distinct, and every one has that flavor of something like yet different from ourselves which we find in all Americans. Mrs. Waldo, indeed, wife of the Cimmerian clergyman (the Cimmerians are a sect

of Baptists, one of the little sects "who exist through force of obstinacy"), the large-hearted, cheerful woman, with a benevolence too great for her creed, and a social tact she has little chance of displaying, and a liberality of view she is afraid for her husband's position to betray, is true of any Protestant country under the sun. But we feel that Mrs. Merryfield, with her face "all amiability relieved by dyspepsia," her sullen independence in imbecility, her belief in prophets and "isms," would be impossible in any place save New England, where a terrible social compression produces an infinity of mental cones,—hard little excrescences projected out of a substance naturally soft to pulpiness. So is Mrs. Babb, the rigid, angular housekeeper, who does her duty so strictly, lest Jason, whose second wife she has been, might "not let her sit next him on the steps of the golden city," utterly American. We could find the thing, the hard, steely belief in a physical form of the life to come, among the Antinomian laborers of whom Essex and Suffolk are full, but the mode of the thing is Yankee, from the comic beginning to the most tragic end. Seth Wattles, too, the "ideated" tailor, who thinks because he is a social reformer, and she a social reformer, that, therefore, Hannah Thurston will marry him, is absolutely American, though there are few among us who could not find on the spot an original for this sketch:—

"Seth was an awkward, ungainly person, whose clothes were a continual satire on his professional skill. The first impression which the man made was the want of compact form. His clay seemed to have been modelled by a bungling apprentice, and imperfectly baked afterwards. The face was long and lumpy in outline, without a proper coherence between the features—the forehead being sloping and contracted at the temples, the skull running backwards in a high, narrow ridge. Thick hair, of a faded brown color, parted a little on one side, was brushed behind his ears, where it hung in stiff half curls upon a broad, falling shirt-collar, which revealed his neck down to the crest of the breast-bone. His eyes were opaque gray, prominent, and devoid of expression. His nose was long and coarsely constructed, with blunt end and thick nostrils; and his lips, though short, of that peculiar, shapeless formation, which prevents a clear line of division between them. Heavy, and of a pale, purplish red color, they seemed to run together at the inner edges. His hands were large and hanging, and all

his joints apparently knobby and loose. His skin had that appearance of oily clamminess which belongs to such an organization. Men of this character seem to be made of sticks and putty. There is no nerve, no elasticity, no keen, alert, impressive life in any part of their bodies."

All these characters, their ways and their follies, their weaknesses and their strength, are described with a genial sympathy, an appreciation of both sides of his subjects, sometimes a loving liking for the work of his own brain, such as can only be felt by a man to whom varied experience has given the true spirit of toleration, that which tolerates nothing, but accepts all good and evil as having its appointed place and meaning in the world. His style, which, except that he every now and then indulges in a physical-intellectual flight, such as no American can always avoid, is simple masculine English, just mellowed by a fleeting tinge of humor, helps the impression of his thoughts, while he finds or makes ample opportunities for his special descriptive power—a power in its essence that of the painter, but, as it were, hardened by the habit of making scenes plain as well as pictorial. The reader in these six lines *sees* as well as enjoys the prospect of Ptolemy:—

"Rising out of the Southern valleys, he sped along, over the cold, rolling uplands of the watershed, and reached Mulligansville towards noon. Here the road turned westward, and a further drive of three miles brought him to the brink of the long descent to East Atauga Creek. At this point, a su-

perb winter landscape was unfolded before him. Ptolemy, with its spires, its one compactly built, ambitious street, its scattered houses and gardens, lay in the centre of the picture. On the white floor of the valley were drawn, with almost painful sharpness and distinctness, the outlines of farmhouses and barns, fences, isolated trees, and the winding lines of elm and alder which marked the courses of the streams. Beyond the mouth of the further valley rose the long, cultivated sweep of the western hill, flecked with dull purple patches of pine forest. Northward, across the white meadows and the fringe of trees along Roaring Brook, rose the sunny knoll of Lakeside, sheltered by the dark woods behind, while further, stretching far away between the steep shores, gleamed the hard, steel-blue sheet of the lake. The air was so intensely clear that the distance was indicated only by a difference in the hue of objects, and not by their diminished distinctness."

We have, we perceive, failed to convey the precise impression—that of a new kind of power—which this novel has made upon our own minds. No flavor was ever yet tasted through a description, and it is the flavor undefined and indefinable which is spread through every page of "Hannah Thurston" (except, perhaps, the very last scene, which is a failure) that renders it so appetizing. But we shall have fulfilled our purpose if we only induce our readers to test for themselves whether America has not produced a third novelist—Hawthorne and Holmes being the other two—whom Englishmen can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy.

#### HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin's leg,  
Mind, the drumstick meroly;  
Put it in a tub,  
Filled with water nearly.  
Set it out of doors,  
In a place that's shady;  
Let it stand a week  
(Three days for a lady).  
Put a spoonful in  
To a five-quart kettle,  
It should be of tin,  
Or perhaps bell metal.  
Fill the kettle up,  
Put it on aboiling;  
Skim the liquor well  
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil  
Half an hour or longer  
(If 'tis for a man  
You may make it stronger).  
Should you now desire.  
That the soup be flavory,  
Stir it once around  
With a stalk of savory.  
When the soup is done,  
Set it by to jell it;  
Then three times a day  
Let the patient smell it.  
If he chance to die,  
Say 'twas Nature did it;  
But should he get well,  
Give the Soup the credit.

—Punch.



## A PLEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE FAIR IN BEHALF OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION, HELD IN BOSTON,  
DEC. 14, 1863.

"COME TO THE RESCUE!" The cry went forth  
Through the length and breadth of the loyal  
North;

For the gun that startled Sumter heard  
Wakened the land with its fiery word!  
The farmer paused, with his work half done,  
And snatched from the nail his rusty gun;  
And the swart mechanic wiped his brow,  
Shouting, "There's work for my strong arm  
now!"

And the parson doffed his gown and said,  
"Bring me my right-good sword instead!"  
And the scholar paused in his eager quest,  
And buckled his belt on with the rest;  
And each and all to the rescue went  
As unto a royal tournament;  
For the loyal blood of a nation stirred  
To the gun that startled Sumter heard!

"Come to the rescue!" Again that cry,  
Burdening the breeze as it passes by:  
"Come to the rescue! Our brave men fall,  
Wounded and slain by the foeman's ball."

Lying in hospitals, sick and faint,  
Who shall answer their low complaint?  
Dying in strange and desolate places,  
Pining for home and home's sweet faces,  
Faint for a drink from the dear old well,  
Longing to taste of the fruit that fell  
All the autumn, so ripe and sweet,  
Over the orchard-wall into the street,  
Murmuring, "Oh, that one would come  
With even the scanty crumbs of home,  
The crumbs from my father's board that fell,  
To cheer and hearten and make me well!"

Who shall answer this mournful cry?  
Who shall answer it? You and I!  
Ours are the hands that to them shall bring  
The healing draught from the dear old spring,  
And the golden fruit that all the fall  
Ripened and swung on the garden wall;  
We on their gaping wounds will pour  
Our oil, and our wine shall glad them more  
Than ever a vintage cheered before.

Come, then—come to the Soldiers' Fair!  
Here is work for us all to share.  
Little children and stern-browed men,  
Veteran of threescore years and ten,  
Gentle woman and maiden gay  
Gathered from peaceful homes away,  
Lend us your pitying aid to-day!  
Help us to answer with open hand  
The cry deep-surg-ing through the land;  
Remembering how the dear Lord spoke,  
Who once to famishing thousands broke  
The scanty loaves till they all were fed—  
"Who helps my suffering ones," he said,  
"Hath done it unto Me instead:  
Rich and large shall your guerdon be;  
O FRIENDS, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME!"

[The mother of Lieut. L. M. Bingham sends these lines, thus introduced, to the New York *Observer*:]

Looking over his pocket-book, I have found it  
filled with precious scraps, which he had cut out of religious papers, all bearing the marks of the highest forms of spiritual life, and some of these, from the wear of them, showing that they had been read over and over, again and again.

## SUFFERING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARTTMANN.

TRIAL when it weighs severely  
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly  
On the heart of all his friends:  
In the frame his hands have moulded  
In a future life unfolded

Through the suffering which he sends.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,  
Childlike tempers in us fashions,  
And our will to his subdues:  
Thus his hand, so soft and healing,  
Each disordered power and feeling,  
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,  
That the soul be not distracted  
By the world's beguiling art.  
'Tis like some angelic warder  
Ever keeping sacred order  
In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion  
To eternity's devotion,  
And awakes the heart's desire  
For the land where psalms are ringing,  
And with palms the martyrs singing  
Sweetly to the harper's choir.

Suffering gives our faith assurance  
Makes us patient in endurance.  
Suffering! who is worth thy pains?  
Here they call thee only torment,—  
There they call thee a preferment,  
Which not every one attains.

Though in health, with powers unwasted  
And with willing hearts we hasted  
To take up our Saviour's cross:  
If through trial our good Master  
Should refine these powers the faster,  
What good Christian counts it loss?

In the depth of its distresses,  
Each true heart the closer presses  
To his heart with ardent love;  
Ever longing, ever crying,  
"Oh, conform me to thy dying,  
That I live with thee above!"

Sighs and tears at last are over;  
Breaking through its fleshy cover,  
Soars the soul to light away.  
Who, while here below, can measure  
That deep sea of heavenly pleasure  
Spreading there so bright for aye!

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer  
Show that bliss to me, and clearer,  
Till my latest hour I see.  
Then, my weary striving ended,  
May my spirit be attended  
By bright angels home to thee!